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Kingsley Martin: KENYA REPORT

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If Both Sides Really Want It . . .

JUST when the world had begun to despair of the U.N., the speeches of Mr. Vyshinsky and Mr. Eden lifted the Assembly's debate at Lake Success on to a higher plane, and gave some hope that there might yet be a Korean armistice. True enough, neither budged very far from his country's previous position. But by expounding the complex problem of prisoner repatriation in clear and precise language, they at least made it clear that both sides are defending principles of vital importance to the prisoner.

Consider the Western position first. Mr. Eden dispensed with the crude propaganda used by many American spokesmen; made it clear that he accepts most of the Russian interpretation of the Geneva Convention; and admitted that the detaining Power has the "obligation to repatriate prisoners speedily." He could do no less. When the Convention was revised in 1949, it was Britain and America who were most emphatic on this point, since they were then concerned to argue that the Soviet Union had no right to detain German prisoners. Mr. Eden, however, this week added the rider that the detaining Power should not "use force in disposing of prisoners," *i.e.*, compel those, whose lives are in peril, to go back at bayonet point.

This sounds obvious humanity, but the Russian reasons for opposing it are based on arguments more cogent than most of us like to concede. A prisoner, especially when he is illiterate, is psychologically as well as physically at the mercy of the detaining Power. In the past, if he succumbed to temptation and assisted the enemy in order to improve his lot in the camp, he became liable to punishment when he was repatriated. A handful of British soldiers and airmen committed such crimes in the service of the Germans and the Japanese, and no one claimed that it was inhuman to repatriate them forcibly and to punish them after they had been court-martialled. Why then, as Mr. Vyshinsky asks, should the Western Powers object to the return of all Chinese prisoners, even if a minority of them are liable to severe punishment when they get home? One of the objects of the Geneva Convention is to prevent the detaining Power from exerting psychological pressure on prisoners. Is it now claimed that, in the age of total war, the democracies have the right to exert such pressure in the camps and to undermine the Communist loyalties of the prisoners they hold? If so, then one of the protections afforded to all prisoners under the new Geneva Convention of 1949 would be removed.

Mr. Vyshinsky may well be the devil's advocate, but the force of his argument (and the implication of it for our own men in enemy hands) cannot be denied. Humanity is not all on one side in this controversy. Certainly it demands that those Chinese soldiers who will be shot as traitors if they are repatriated should have the right to say "No"; and, for the same reason, Quinn and the other American airmen, who have been convinced by the Chinese that they dropped bacterial bombs, should have the right to stay in China if they desire. But unless we admit that any nation has the right to "convert" as many prisoners as it can, a real effort must be made to separate the small minority, who have incriminated themselves by a violation of the military oath, from the mass who are merely vaguely alarmed that something might happen to them. The only sensible way to achieve this would be to arrange that the prisoners held by both sides are transferred into a neutral atmosphere where they can talk freely to representatives of their own Governments and try to make up their own minds on the basis, not of hearsay, but of their own estimate of neutrally witnessed official statements. The speeches of Mr. Vyshinsky and Mr. Eden have opened the door to some such compromise: but on one condition—that both the Americans and the Chinese really want to stop the war.

Violence in the Union

The outbreaks of violence at Port Elizabeth, Kimberley, East London and Johannesburg are a vivid illustration of the cauldron which is boiling in the African continent. So far, the passive resistance campaign has been free from violence, despite provocative action by the police and inflammatory words by members of the South

African Government. This time, on the eve of the strike of African workers in Port Elizabeth, restraint has broken down. Mr. Strauss, the leader of the Opposition, is no doubt right to demand a judicial inquiry to determine the facts. But nothing in his remarks suggests that his party is any more ready than the Nationalists to look behind the facts. Both the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress have repeatedly condemned violence in the most forthright terms; and both have so far achieved a miracle of planning in the peaceful organisation of passive resistance. But racial tension is growing so great that the miracle may not persist; and the fault for this must be laid squarely on Dr. Malan's Government. European minorities who rule, and so often exploit, Africans, have tended in recent years to pay lip-service—and at least in the British Colonies have made some significant progress—towards the realisation of African ideals of citizenship. So long as this trend continues, the African population can retain its aspirations, and there is some chance that the struggle to achieve them can stop short of killing. But Dr. Malan personifies the negation of all African hopes; and when men are deprived of hope they have nothing to lose by violence. The Malan Government is truly a threat to peace all over Africa; and a tremendous responsibility rests on the comparative handful of European "liberals" in the Union to bear their witness and influence their fellow Whites while there is still time to avert a racial massacre, which could affect every corner of the continent.

The U.S. Party Pattern

Specialists in election statistics will find much to interest them in the analysis of the sixty million votes cast in the U.S. elections. But certain striking changes are evident at first sight. One is the heavy vote secured by the Republicans in the suburbs of the large cities, which offset the traditional Democratic urban majorities. In the last six years, many of these suburbs have been built and peopled by the "professional", and now middle-class, children of immigrants. Another is the degree to which voters "split their tickets," giving their support to Eisenhower but rejecting local Republican candidates. This is always a difficult business with a long and complicated ballot; even though technically possible, it is asking much of the voter's intelligence and patience. Yet distaste for the Republican Party as a whole was still strong enough to deny it the kind of Congressional sweep which normally has accompanied a Presidential landslide. If only a few more thousands had been added to the millions who deliberately divided their votes between Eisenhower and the local Democrats, the Republicans would not have won control of Congress in a photo-finish.

But the most striking shift in the party pattern has been in the South, where Stevenson held seven States but only polled 180,000 more than the total of more than 3.5 millions that Eisenhower rolled up South of the Mason-Dixon Line. Save for the Protestant-Prohibitionist revolt against Al Smith in 1928, this is the first serious challenge to the one-party system since the days of Reconstruction. It is too soon to say that Eisenhower has broken the one-party system, because the Democrats held firm on the Congressional and State level, the real seat of one-party control. In some places, indeed, and notably in Texas, they were given a free run in exchange for supporting Eisenhower in the national contest.

This change, however, marks the end of an era in Southern politics. The extreme conservatives, such as Senator Byrd, and Dixiecrats such as Governor Byrnes, have at last openly identified themselves with the Republicans, and thus may have freed the Democratic Party from the blackmailing grip of the South. They have certainly made it easier to rebuild a healthier and more united Democratic coalition, and one in which the Fair Deal element may predominate; for the long-prophesied realignment of the American parties seems to have begun. It will take a long time for it to work itself out; but in retrospect, we may see that the process actually started with the Dixiecrat rebellion in 1948, just as the first signs of the Roosevelt Revolution could be detected in the voting pattern of 1928, despite Herbert Hoover's overwhelming victory.

Wages Impasse

The trade unions have evidently made up their minds that about 7s. 6d. is the limit of what can be got at present by straight applications for higher wages, and that it would not be wise to risk strike action in asking for more. This is shown by the recent actions of railwaymen, engineers, shipbuilders and miners in accepting the offers and awards made to them. Indeed, the miners have accepted the outright rejection of their claim; but their case is peculiar in that their present agreements governing piecework prices are about to expire, and they will be able to start fresh negotiations for higher piecework payments and then to make an appeal with more prospect of success on behalf of the day-wage men. Moreover, if they get, as seems quite likely, a change in the conditions of payment for the "bonus shift"—six shifts' pay for five worked—to allow one-fifth of the bonus to be drawn for each shift worked, this will amount to a substantial increase for many of them—though not without weakening the incentive to work a full week. The miners will now also press more strongly the case for a general revision of the wage-structure; and this may happen also in engineering, where the present structure is in many respects obsolete and made workable only by a variety of subterfuges that often lack any guiding principle. Everyone knows that over a large part of industry the wage-system is now highly irrational, and ought to be revised. But revision is not easy; and it will not be at all a bad thing if the issue is forced by the stalemate in negotiations for further advances under the existing system—or lack of it.

The Cost of Housing

The Girdwood Committee, which was set up in 1947 to keep an eye on the costs of house-building, has just made its report for 1951. In October of last year a three-bedroom Council house cost on the average £1,450 to build, *plus* £240 for land, site works, and professional fees. This was £175 more than it cost two years earlier, despite economies of £63 due to changed specifications other than reductions in floor space. The smaller houses now being built are, of course, rather cheaper—say, by £150 in the case of the so-called "People's House"; but the rise in interest rates has raised the economic rent of the standard house from 28s. 1d. to 34s. 8d., as compared with net rents of 19s. 8d. at the old subsidy and 21s. at the new. For the "People's Houses" this might mean a subsidised rent of about 18s. 6d. The least satisfactory feature of the situation revealed by the report is that the improvement in productivity reported two years ago has not been maintained—output per man-hour was about the same in 1949 and 1951, and was still about 20 per cent. below pre-war output. But even a return to pre-war productivity would save only about £100 a house—roughly the same as the rise in the cost of plant and materials during the past two years. Whether there has been an improvement this year, or only a reduction in size and quality of houses built, the report does not tell us; but the impression remains that there is something badly wrong—something curable only by radical changes in building methods and in the organisation of this extraordinarily antiquated industry. If modern methods of pre-assembly of materials on the site and full standardisation of components were adopted, and the work done in properly organised units, great economies could be secured without reducing quality, as is being done at present.

Developing Bechuanaland

Tsekedi Khama has been included in the mission of experts set up by the High Commissioner of the Protectorates to investigate the agricultural development of Bechuanaland's Kalahari Desert. The appointment was discreetly announced in a written Parliamentary answer by Mr. John Foster, Under Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, but it has a praiseworthy significance. It may even be regarded by Dr. Malan as provocative that Tsekedi and his colleague, Chief Bathoen, of the Bangwaketse Tribe, should rank as technical experts with authorities like Mr. Arthur Gaitskell, former general manager of the Sudan Gezira Scheme, and the British and American members of the mission. A year and a half ago, if Mr. Gordon-Walker and Sir Evelyn Baring, now of Kenya, then High Commissioner for the Protectorates, had had the courage, it might have been even more significant. The Rev. Michael Scott then proposed that the undoubted abilities of Tsekedi should be employed in the administrative and technical development of Bechuanaland. He had concrete proposals—notably the Okovango Development Scheme. Nearly half a century ago, British Government reports predicted that the Okovango Delta could be as rich as that of the Nile. Not only could it produce cash-crops, such as cotton, but it could provide the pastures for fattening the herds which the Bechuana tribesmen rear on the desert ranges. Tsekedi is one of the most successful ranchers on the African continent, with great business acumen and technical ability. To have recognised this and employed him might have helped him out of the family "feud" which was made the pretext for exiling both him and Seretse.

Nazis Vindicated

Last week's acquittal by a Munich court of Otto Thorbeck and the former S.S. General Walter Huppenkothen warrants more publicity than it has received. Huppenkothen had already faced a trial. In February, 1951, he was sentenced, by a different court, to three and a half years' hard labour on charges of ill-treating political prisoners and extracting forced confessions. This time, he and Thorbeck had to answer charges of complicity in the murder of Admiral Canaris and five members of the German Resistance movement.

Canaris and the other five were hanged in April, 1945, after a "trial" in the Flossenburg concentration camp. The presiding judge was Otto Thorbeck, while Huppenkothen played the part of the public prosecutor. There is evidence that the six prisoners, who had been brutally maltreated, were neither allowed legal counsel nor given any chance of defending themselves. The death sentences were carried out immediately without awaiting even formal confirmation. Thorbeck's and, even more, Huppenkothen's responsibility for these events was clearly established. Nevertheless, they were acquitted by the Munich court. Huppenkothen, the court decided, was innocent because, first, he had acted in accordance with the legal procedure considered valid at the time and, secondly, because his victims had been proved guilty of high treason to the German Reich. On the basis of this judgment everyone of Hitler's henchmen is now vindicated who acted in accordance with Nazi methods, and Germans who actively opposed Hitler have once again been labelled traitors.

WASHINGTON

Charting the Post-Election Course

Our Washington Correspondent writes: It is difficult to estimate the likely course of the incoming Administration until the names of President-elect Eisenhower's chief political advisers have been made public. No great political swing has taken place, despite the overwhelming Electoral College vote. Eisenhower's victory was won because the politically inarticulate found their voice. The Democratic vote remained substantial, and the complexion of Congress has not seriously altered. The present dominant Right-wing alliance of Republicans and Southern Democrats has been in effective control of Congress since 1938. The main foreign achievements of the Truman administrations were endorsed by the Senate, not because of a liberal majority but because the hard core of isolationists was numerically very small. It will be still smaller in the 83rd Congress. Some of the most obstructive Senators from both parties in the 82nd Congress were eliminated even before polling day. The next Senate will still have McCarran, McCarthy, Jenner and Malone, but it will be without Brewster, Ecton, Kem, Cain, Wherry and McKellar.

Senator Mundt has suggested that some of the Southern Democrats might get patronage benefits from the Republicans in reward for continued co-operation on major legislation. If this resulted in the Southern Democrats becoming openly a conservative party, and in breaking the purely historical links which lead them to call themselves Democrats, it might be reckoned a gain for the South, where political realignments are long overdue. But it all depends on who will be advising President Eisenhower on matters of patronage. F.D.R. was brilliant in his understanding of this most important American political lever. He always knew when a judgeship was coming up in a recalcitrant Senator's state, and he would delay an appointment until the Senator had registered the vote he was demanding. In a system where political insubordination cannot result in a fall of the Government, it is only by such devices that party discipline can be maintained. President Eisenhower cannot be expected to have such details at his fingertips. He will be dependent on his political staff—his Cabinet and the men he takes into the White House as his advisers.

Patronage is uppermost in Republican minds, for it is twenty years since they have had a chance of guzzling in the Federal trough. In terms of policy the general attitude is one of wait and see, fortified by the strong American tradition of ignoring all campaign pledges the moment the election is over. There were many campaign promises to cut out waste and to bring the Budget into balance. Some remember that, in 1932, F.D.R. campaigned on similar pledges of "economy." Traditionally there is a honeymoon period with Congress for the new President, in which he can be expected to achieve much of the immediate legislation dearest to him. But from the generalities of the campaign speeches it is far from clear what legislation the new President has in mind. Again the need for close advisers experienced in the art of dealing with legislatures—men like Governors Dewey and Sherman Adams—is apparent. Unless Eisenhower brings them in quickly he will be at Senator Taft's mercy.

Foreign policy is dominated at the moment by the impending trip to Korea. The long-term problems have scarcely been considered, though present indications are that there will be little change in the general direction of American foreign policy. Concepts like Point Four are unlikely to be given the consideration they deserve, but then they hardly were by any recent Congress. One can expect America's actions to respond to the pressures of the Cold War rather than to seek any dramatic way of ending it. But relationships with leading allies may depend in large measure on the man President Eisenhower appoints as Secretary of State. That Mr. John Foster Dulles wants the post desperately is apparent to anyone. That both Mr. Eden and Mr. Lester Pearson would find great difficulty in working with him is less well known. The incident of the Yoshida letter left a deeper scar on the Foreign Office than it did on American public opinion. Dulles has developed to a remarkable degree the art of losing friends without influencing people.

It is in the field of civil liberties that prediction is most difficult. A case can be made for the view that McCarthyism may wane. If the Republicans had again been frustrated in their bid for power there is little doubt that irresponsibility would have run riot. Now that they have won, some Washington heads are bound to roll. But there will be little point in Congress continuing a vendetta against the Administration once it becomes properly a Republican "closed shop." Some Republicans merely used the prevailing fear of Communism, and the suspicion that foreign tensions must be due to domestic treason, as a means to regain power. Senator McCarthy and a handful of others are in a different category. For them the witch-hunt is their only stock in trade. They undoubtedly will have a field-day of investigations, and McCarthy himself will be in a splendid strategic position as chairman of the Senate Committee investigating expenditures in Government departments. But it is generally assumed in Washington that the new brooms will be given a somewhat perfunctory whisk, and that the witch-hunt will fairly soon be diverted away from civil servants to such people as school teachers, columnists and entertainers.

In all these matters the course will not be determined until the navigators are appointed. In the United States the executive branch of Government has enormous power. In the past General Eisenhower has had the double advantage of strong direction from above and an able staff below. During the campaign the direction came largely from the old Republican leadership, once the peace had been made with Senator Taft, and the staff work was essentially by adroit public relations experts rather than by any group approaching a Cabinet Secretariat. The General's own course in the unfamiliar campaign sea veered this way and that, according to the exertions of the crew and the strength of the prevailing political wind. Now he requires both a strong hand on the tiller and a good chart, drawn up by navigators who know their business.

PARIS

Isolationism the Lesser Evil?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Opinion in Paris continues to be anxious, but rather reserved, about what to expect from Mr. Eisenhower. The most immediate worry is over Korea—a worry strengthened by an A.P. story from Tokyo that an "all-out war" would soon start, complete with the naval blockade of China, the use of Chiang Kai-shek troops in the Korean fighting, and possibly the use of the atom bomb. All this is regarded as part of that "adventurous" foreign policy on which, it is feared, the U.S. may now embark. This fear is deepened by Herr Blank's plan to incorporate 40 German generals and 22,000 "democratically-minded" German officers in the European Army. Mr. Eisenhower's polite message to France has done little to reassure French opinion. To most Frenchmen, any intensive drive to rearm Europe to-day means simply a drive to rearm Germany, and there are many who recall Eisenhower's statement to *Match* a year ago that "by the end of 1952" Europe would be ready for a "showdown."

The straw to which one finds to-day at least a certain number of French intellectuals clinging is a possible (if unlikely) triumph of Taftist isolationism, whose military commitments would be limited to the so-called peripheral strategy. This means that Europe would not be defended on land, but that the maximum weight of U.S. air strength would be set in motion from the peripheral bases *if* Russia attacked Europe. Apart from this American guarantee, Europe could live peacefully in a state of more or less armed neutrality; this would at least eliminate the immediate dangers of the "roll-back" policy. But these "optimists" are not very optimistic, because there is little to show that Eisenhower, however Taftist in his home policy, is also going to be Taftist in foreign affairs. Perhaps "Taftist strategy" would, as a lesser evil, have far more supporters

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in France if only people knew more about it; at present people are merely bewildered, and are anxiously awaiting the results of Mr. Eisenhower's first great test in Korea.

WESTMINSTER

The Post-Wycombe Era

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Mr. Morrison's re-election to the Deputy Leadership of the Labour Party was duly accomplished, but with a vote which can have given him little satisfaction. Nothing less than a 3-1 majority over Mr. Bevan could have effectively set him up again after the Morecambe knock-down. In the event, the Bevanite vote showed an increase of 25 over the highest figure it had reached before; and Mr. Bevan has every reason to be pleased with a result which is almost certainly more than he hoped for.

In the Commons, the debate on the Address has seemed a rather restrained battle, though enlivened on its last day by able speeches from Mr. Butler and Mr. Gaitskell. Mr. Butler shows an accretion of confidence, which marks his growing importance as a Party figure; Mr. Gaitskell has been finding in recent months a wit and incisiveness which considerably sharpen his previously rather dreary style. Each in his way symbolised much of his Party's current mood. Mr. Butler made what can be described as a Wycombe speech. He rattled off a list of Government successes with the deceptive dexterity of a magician evoking aces from the air; modestly admitted that difficulties might lie ahead, and affirmed that the Government would face them squarely and humanely as they arose. The Tory backbenchers, cock-a-hoop after Wycombe, roared their applause; while Opposition faces wore the saddened expression of men who could themselves, from close at hand, see through the conjurer's magic, but feared the public in the cheaper seats might not.

Mr. Gaitskell punctured a good many of Mr. Butler's pretensions. But his own speech revealed the difficulty which his Party has to face. It is no longer possible, after the Wycombe election, for the Opposition to assume that it need only await the swing of the pendulum to turn Mr. Churchill out. Too many of the voters seem reasonably content with what the Government is doing. Houses *are* going up faster: some prices *are* falling: some benefits *are* higher. And the account for all this has not yet to be rendered. What, then, should Labour say? Mass unemployment? The violent destruction of the Welfare State? A return to 1931? But none of it has happened so far, and Mr. Butler may be right—on electoral grounds, if no other—in saying that he doesn't intend his deflation to go as far as that. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Morrison sought to avoid the dilemma by placing the emphasis on the "wild men" of the Tory Conference. But it isn't very convincing. Mr. Butler's position is strong in the Party as well as the Cabinet, and his word is likely to carry the day.

In the post-Wycombe era, Labour has to face a new problem: how to explain to people that Mr. Butler's, very likely genuine, intention of checking his deflation at a half-way house may prove physically impossible; and how to warn them that, even if it is not, it would mean the acceptance of conditions which would leave the Welfare State at the mercy of the more sinister forces which smashed the Labour Movement in 1931. Labour, in other words, has to think out, not only its own strides forward, but the new electoral assumptions which follow from a Tory Government which dare not frontally assault too many of the social achievements of Labour's rule.

Mr. Butler Baits His Trap

In the debate on the Queen's Speech, the Opposition did right to concentrate its fire, not on the Bills that are to be presented to this Session, but on the indications—vague but disquieting—which the Speech gave of the general economic policy which the Government intends to pursue. The measures now tabled to denationalise the more profitable elements in the steel industry, and to restore "competition" in road transport at the cost of undoing all the progress achieved in rational co-ordination of services, are sops thrown, as was to be expected, by a Tory Government, to the Cerberus of "free enterprise". The real question for the country is, not the legislation which Parliament will be asked to pass, but the administrative action which the Cabinet, and in particular the Chancellor, will take in the next six months.

Why did the Speech feature the need for the continuance of steps to curb inflation? With national production, despite the recent modest recovery in the textile industries from last Spring's slump, running at least 5 per cent. below the level of a year ago, there would not seem to be any obvious need—to put it mildly—for a policy of "disinflation." Indeed, not merely has the downward turn in the world price of many raw materials, reflecting the immediate absence of strong inflationary pressure from the U.S., done something to halt the upward movement in the British price level; common experience suggests that there is little or no evidence in Britain to-day of "surplus" purchasing power chasing scarce supplies of goods. On the contrary, apart from the curtailment of capital investment in the sectors controlled by the State, industrialists generally interpreted the rise in Bank rate as an amber light, warning them to go slow, both in production and investment. Sir Walter Monckton may argue complacently that an unemployment figure of 400,000 need not be taken too tragically: but the fact remains that the decline in production has been much greater than the increase in the number of lodged "books": concealed unemployment and short-time working—thrice as much as a year ago—are features of the situation which cannot be ignored.

Why then, we repeat, this harping on the need to correct inflation? There exists, of course, in the City a school of thought which holds that organised labour needs to be treated to a whiff of bankers' grapeshot. If Government expenditure were slashed and banking credit made so scarce and dear that there were a million or more queueing at the Exchanges, there would be an end to militancy in the trade unions, and the British wage level could be made profitably "competitive." We can find nothing, however, in Mr. Butler's speech on Tuesday to indicate that he shares this crudely reactionary point of view; and Mr. Gaitskell was rightly careful not to attribute it to him. The Chancellor has too much political acumen not to realise that re-enactment of inter-war conditions would result in his Party being swept out of power for a generation. Indeed, it would be a cardinal error on the part of the Opposition to credit the Government with such naive intentions, or to try to make electors' flesh creep with talk of the imminent prospect of millions of unemployed. The policy to which we believe Mr. Butler is committed is one in which the dangers are more subtle. With brave talk of Government successes, he is charting a course which, in our opinion, means ultimate shipwreck for this country; but the rocks still lie some way ahead.

Paying lip-service to the ideal of a "sound and expanding world economy," Mr. Butler confined his exposition of British economic policy largely to generalities; but it was clear from what he said to the Commons that he is acting on the assumption that the danger of inflation lies in the resulting tendency for imports to be stimulated. So long as Britain's balance of payments remains as precarious as it still is, domestic purchasing power must be further limited. This, in itself, is a respectable argument, however greatly opinions may differ about the means whereby spendable incomes should be limited and the burden of restoring "national solvency" distributed. But, for all Mr. Butler's denial that convertibility was "an end in itself" he did nothing to dispel the impression that, under pressure from the United States and Canada, Britain will be entering the Commonwealth Conference with the predetermined policy of paving the way for the ultimate free convertibility of the pound sterling. With this end in view, large concessions have apparently already been made in drawing up the agreed agenda—in particular, the promise by Britain that no steps will be taken to impede movements of capital from London to the Dominions or Colonies, and that nothing will be done, by the tightening of controls, to stop the flight of money through loopholes in the sterling area network. That the immediate convertibility of sterling will be proposed is, doubtless, unlikely; but that the objective will be partial convertibility—perhaps, as is being currently foreshadowed in the American press—the convertibility of all sterling entering into "trade," as opposed to capital transactions, is highly probable.

Is such an objective practicable? Theoretically, of course, any country can achieve equilibrium in its balance of payments on the basis of a convertible currency, provided it is prepared to slash its consumption, if need be, to starvation level. But this, we are confident, is not in the astute Mr. Butler's mind. An alternative and, electorally much more appealing, solution would be to invoke American aid. This could scarcely be obtained from a Republican Congress in the form of a direct loan—unless, of course, extension of the war in the Far East made renewal of Lend-Lease a politically possible proposition. But if a continuance of "moderate" deflation—just enough, say, to keep unemployment around the 700,000 mark—could be presented as an assurance that sterling would in future be a "sound" currency, then the U.S. Treasury might not be averse from underwriting, either through the International Monetary Fund or through an *ad hoc* mechanism grafted on to N.A.T.O., a substantial backing for a partially convertible pound. Such an achievement, depicted by Churchillian

rhetoric as a further British-U.S. triumph, might easily furnish the Tories with a platform on which to fight a 1953 election.

For, unless they are clearly seen and cogently presented to the electorate by the Opposition, the dangers implicit in such a course would not be readily apparent. Voters would be told that, thanks to the aid of a friendly ally, the pound was now safely buttressed, and that sterling could "hold up its head." Fine phrases; but what the electorate would not be told is that the price which the U.S. would demand for such assistance is, in effect, the demolition of all the defences—physical control of imports, restrictions on capital flight, and the rest—on which the stability of the sterling area, however imperfect, has so far reposed. Not merely should we become hopelessly vulnerable to the impact of external forces—*e.g.*, even a minor depression in the U.S.—but the British Welfare State would be at the mercy of its enemies. Nothing would have been done to rectify the long-term factors which are creating, not only for Britain but for the whole of Western Europe, a recurrent crisis of dollar shortage. In consequence, the stabilisation fund would rapidly go the way of the 1946 dollar loan. The day of reckoning would be postponed, but it would ultimately fall upon us when we had stripped ourselves of every protective control. The Government would simply have turned the seeping bucket of the sterling area into a sieve.

Kenya Report

When I arrived in Nairobi nearly a fortnight ago, I was told that Mau Mau represented only a very small section of the Kikuyu people. I have since paid a visit to the area where the worst of the outbreaks of violence for which Mau Mau is held responsible have occurred. There I found the common assumption that, apart from a resolute handful, all the Kikuyu people now support, either willingly or from terror, a movement whose object is, bluntly, to drive the Europeans out of Africa. No one here is much surprised to be told that there are signs of a similar movement beginning in Tanganyika, a territory which has been receiving an overflow of Kikuyu tribesmen. There is widespread anxiety, too, lest the same revolutionary objective and similar bloodthirsty tactics spread to other tribal reserves in Kenya. All the Europeans agree that firm suppression of Mau Mau is the immediate need; but there are some who are much disturbed about the violence of the reprisals which are being taken by the Kenya Police Reserve and the African police.

I have personally heard the shocked complaints of officers of The Lancashire Fusiliers about the unnecessary degree of violence the police have been showing. I have no doubt that the senior officials are doing all they can to prevent incidents which, one witness told me, "amount to Black-and-Tannery." None the less, a well-known authority on the Kikuyu, who returned last week to Nairobi after visiting the tribe, reports that a most bitter hatred against Europeans is now general; and a liberal settler expressed the view that the situation was deteriorating daily, citing as evidence a labourer in his employ, formerly a loyal and diligent worker, now soured by the experience of having his wife beaten up in the reserve. Most members of the administration oppose this indiscriminate retaliation. They understand that the real weakness is lack of "Intelligence" and lack of knowledge of the Kikuyu language, which few of the officials speak. The longer-headed officials are afraid that the result of this block on the gathering of information may result in an almost complete absence of contact between the two races. On the other hand, I must in honesty report that some of the old hands among the Europeans claim that 95 per cent. of the Kikuyu are "guilty of crime" in the sense that they have known about the conspiracy without opposing it. These justify full disciplinary measures, including the beating up of women. The argument is sometimes crudely expressed that the Kikuyu must be made more frightened of the Europeans than of Mau Mau.

The situation will enter a new phase when the important trials which are pending come to court. It is obvious that an effort will be made to prove that the leaders of the Kenya African Union, including Jomo Kenyatta, have been fully implicated in the Mau Mau murder programme. If indeed the evidence does implicate the principal figures in the old leadership of the Kenya African Union, I have little doubt that the organisation will be suppressed. But that should not necessarily involve the banning of the new K.A.U. leaders, who include men of unimpeachable good character and ability, some of them from other tribes as well as the Kikuyu.

The greatest obstacle to making full use of these newer leaders is that the most "bullet-headed" type of settler is not prepared to trust any African, least of all a Kikuyu. This means, in effect, that all African leaders are expected to be pro-British; and that means, in present circumstances, to lack all influence with their own tribal people whom they ought to be leading. The African leader must be in a position to voice the grievances of the Africans and put forward constructive programmes for his own people. The wiser officials are agreed on the vital importance of rebuilding an African organisation which can be more representative of other tribes and less dominated by the Kikuyu than the K.A.U. has so far been. The Government is entitled to demand from African leaders an unequivocal repudiation of violence. On that assumption, Africans must be given full freedom to agitate for reforms and express their grievances about land, wages, housing, crop restrictions, and so on, without being regarded as subversive.

There are two great difficulties to overcome. First, it cannot be easy in the light of the existing tragic situation to find Africans with both the character and authority to offer the right form of leadership. Secondly, there is a real problem in knowing how best to defeat the loud-mouthed group of extremist Opposition settlers who are sometimes called the European Mau Mau.

I have been reading extracts from suppressed African newspapers with the object of trying to define the ideology of the present African revolution. I can see no signs of the much-publicised primitive "ju-ju" aspect of Mau Mau. Nor are the sentiments Marxist. They are mainly liberal and nationalist. In essence, the African protest is against racial and economic discrimination, and in support of equal rights for Africans. Nationalist propaganda is often directed towards the example of the Gold Coast change to self-government. I have also seen a song on current events, of the type which Africans love to compose, calling on everybody to join the K.A.U. The refrain runs "What are you waiting for?" If this is the African Marseillaise, no European should to-day be so Bourbonesque as to imagine that, because the Africans are still very backward, they can be induced or compelled to continue to accept feudal status in the mid-twentieth century.

Nairobi. KINGSLEY MARTIN

Chaim Weizman

Reading the glowing tributes to Chaim Weizman, I could not help recalling what must have been one of his last visits to England. It was the summer of 1946. Leaders of the Jewish Agency in Palestine were under arrest: the Irgun had just blown up the Government offices in the King David Hotel. Stones were being thrown at Jewish shop windows in Manchester. I went to see Weizman in the rooms at the Dorchester which he still kept as his London home. He had been there three days, and when I went in he put his arm round me. "You are the first Goy who has been here," he said. "All my old friends refuse to see me now—Winston and the other Conservatives as well as your Labour people." And a little later he muttered below his breath, "I detest terrorism, but, you know, if it had been a German headquarters they'd have got the V.C."

The wounds of the Palestine conflict are now healing, but Chaim Weizman never recovered from them. The greatest Jew of his generation—great in politics, in science and, above all, in sheer personality—he was also devoted to England, his country of adoption. Ever since he arrived at Manchester University, a young Russian chemist without a word of English, he had worked for a free Palestine, with Jew and Arab living together, within the Commonwealth. In 1918 that vision seemed very near fulfilment. Then came the years of vacillation. Weizman was steadfast to his vision of Anglo-Jewish co-operation, even when Governments broke their word and his own people impatiently repudiated him. At last, in 1945, his constancy seemed justified. Twelve months later the vision was shattered. The Yishuv had to fight for its freedom in a war provoked by the blindness of the country he loved next to his own people. The war was won, the State created, and Weizman House at Rehovot became the White House of Israel's first President. But the prophet never felt quite at home in the promised land. It was too different from his vision.

I stayed with him twice at Rehovot. On the first occasion, the winter of 1948, the war of independence was still going on. From my bedroom on the roof I could see the Arab shells falling a few miles away, and every night one or two Egyptian bombers droned over to Tel Aviv. One day I had been to Jerusalem and came back to find him having tea with Sharett in the library. The Foreign Minister had come to tell him that the Israeli Air Force had just shot down five British fighters which had flown into the battle area down in the Negev. There was a long and excited discussion whether the British Fleet movements round Malta meant that Tel Aviv would be bombarded next day. Weizman sat back in his chair, half asleep, like an old father surrounded by excitable children. At last he sat up and observed, "You are all wrong. This is the best thing that could have happened. Bevin has gone too far. I know that England will not back him."

At long last his faith in England was justified. Bevin *had* gone too far, and from that moment relations began to improve. But by now Weizman was too infirm—and, I think, too shattered—to play an active role in the new State. When I returned to Rehovot in 1950 he was content to leave politics to younger men, and to devote himself to the magnificent scientific Institute he had built a few hundred yards from his house.

All his life he combined science and politics. He was a great chemist, and the fame and money which his discoveries brought him were used in the service of Zionism. He was a superb diplo-

matist and orator (especially in Yiddish), but where his spell was most potent was in conversation. He once defeated Lenin in debate; he captivated Balfour and out-charmed Lloyd George; and, in his last years, held Mr. Truman to his purpose by sheer force of personality. If he failed in his most cherished purpose, the failure was due to lesser men.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

FROM Lowestoft to the mouth of the River Alde a strong warm wind has been blowing off the land for a week now, and it is not good. A west wind sucks the shingle back from the shore and out to sea, and shingle is the main barrier, in places a desperately narrow and porous one, between the high tide and the marshes and fields, the roads and house basements which lie below sea level. Aldeburgh and Southwold, which I know best, are repositories of English tradition and of a continuously changing and actively growing and eminently place-proud English life, celebrated throughout the English-speaking world. But local pride, however justified and ardent, does not include an enthusiasm for paying the cost of sea-defences. It seems to be thought, surely with the strongest justification, that those who live in the first line of defence should not, therefore, live in the first line of payment. £100,000 is being expended on the preservation of the Aldeburgh-Southwold coastline, and though half of that amount is very properly provided by the Ministry of Health, most of the rest of it falls on the local rates. Yet if the sea was allowed to have its will, in almost exactly fifteen minutes by the geological stopwatch, the waves would have nibbled their way through Saxmundham, by-passed the hills round Bury, and be lapping at the garages of Cambridge.

* * *

I was reminded of the Ministry of Health again when I was waiting in the office of my eminent friend Dr. G., of St. H.'s Hospital. As he was late, I exercised my right to look through his correspondence. Three documents were in the faint and savourless typescript of the Multi-Duplication Company, circulars from the Minister of Health, Savile Row. One of them was a report "by the medical review team" on the establishment of St. H.'s Hospital. Items:

ONE consultant should be able to cover the work of the department.

The four anaesthetists should be replaced by two, able to do at least a complete weekly session.

It will be permissible for the Board to increase the approved medical establishment in any grade in any specialty *only with the Minister's consent in each case.*

It was the faint spit-coloured typescript which seemed most depressing. (Here lies one whose name was writ in saliva.) Surely anyone who has been closely associated with the work of a big hospital, with its effective mixture of discipline and informality, its hard and devoted work, never to the clock, but always to the immediate needs which for ever must go far beyond any decent working hours, will fail to be roused by a trumpet call numbered AC/G18672. Dr. G., who has grown to accept the Health Act and see its merits, was more philosophic about it than I was. Bevan's new appointments to the hospital Board have worked in rather well, on the whole. But the fact that Savile Row can override medical staffing is the kind of centralisation which can be not only a heart-rending discouragement to the technically informed medical staff of hospitals, but also, and more puzzlingly, to the hard-working committees which were set up under the Act.

* * *

"We have seen the same thing in the Public Health Services," said Dr. G. "The L.C.C., even more remote and unapproachable, are making decisions about such personal matters as Infant Welfare Clinics, for instance, when in the old days before the Act, these decisions were made by a local M.o.H., who certainly had contact with all the Health Visitors and doctors involved on a friendly personal basis, and in many cases even knew quite a lot about old Mrs. Worthingham, the patient herself." Of course I agreed with him —and then, equally of course, I happened to talk next day to the Chairman of a big Eastern Regional Board, who gave the Ministry's point of view and was so reasonable about the necessity of fair shares between hospitals, so sympathetic with the doctor's view, so fair in his reminder that the "visiting team" (anonymous in the pamphlet) was composed of medical experts of the very highest standing, that (of course) I agreed with *him*. If only Dr. G. could have talked to the Minister or his representative personally. If only the cold and benumbing mists of the Multi-Duplicator could be dispersed for ever.

* * *

Mr. Churchill in his delightful essay compares the complex of activities known as painting a picture to a battle. For the average serious artist who has to depend on painting for his livelihood, the hardest battle of all comes not in the painting of a picture but in selling it—at an adequate price. The strategy of genius is needed to make a reasonable profit. Let me take a particular artist of my acquaintance, certainly among the first twenty of our serious modern painters, whose skill is in outdoor compositions of land and sea. Suppose he chooses Bridlington for his subject because it seems to him to have paintable qualities. He must live a week or two with his subject to get to know it. Then make his sketches and water colours, and then, back in the studio to paint, say, two medium-sized oil paintings which, after a pause of a year, are shown in a gallery at a one-man show. And say that the highest selling price for one such picture is £70. It doesn't seem a bad price. But it doesn't seem good either, when you subtract:

Gallery commission ..	£23	6	8
Price of frame	£17	10	0
Cost of canvas and paint ..	£2	0	0

And a proportion of rent of the broad, high, peculiarly shaped and much-sought-after room known as a studio, to say nothing, of course, of the question of getting to Bridlington, and staying there. All this looks like £250 a year, if the artist is lucky. So what must the artist do? He must teach. It saps energy and the creative impulse, but even Beethoven, at his height, had one pupil. Xavier Schnyder von Watersee in his Memoirs recalls that he came to Vienna especially to plead that he might be a pupil, too. "No," said Beethoven.

"But you already have one pupil, Herr von Beethoven." BEETHOVEN (*raising his voice*): And I can't get rid of him, much as I should like to. WATERSEE: But Herr von Beethoven, who is your pupil? BEETHOVEN (*roaring and violently stamping his feet*): A-A-AH! The Archduke RUDOLF—

* * *

Though our journals have been indulging very properly their privilege to tell the American people that they ought, or ought not, to have voted the other way round in the last election (anyone concerned with the sacred arts of wit and the expression of thought through the spoken word must be swearing their private oaths that Adlai will not be allowed to pass into extinction), I am glad the English press has succeeded in overcoming its habit of being patronising about the "demagogy" of an American election's final stages. This criticism of the more-so-ness of a country which has always shown such generously sympathetic respect for our own less-so ways of doing these things really misses the point. It is true that Mr. Attlee making an election speech in the Albert Hall is against using the Tiller Girls to warm up the atmosphere, but the fact is that the American people, as the Truman election showed, are less swayed by ballyhoo than we are. For them it is, like advertising, an exhibition of human skill, of a man amiably going through his political paces, and showing a human willingness to give the public what it wants, with no nonsense of stuffy Coriolanus about him to put a chill on a grand party.

* * *

In other words, if only Briton and American did not use the same language we should understand each other even better than we do. No chance of confusing British politics with French. The French language itself is impregnated with the gay solemnities, the light-hearted hot-headedness of the occasion. I always think that the most charming demonstration of international difference is to be found in the French Bible. "Permettez les petits enfants m'approcher" is *not* the same. Cain was very wrath; but "Caïn fut très irrité" seems to throw a new light on the whole of Genesis. And how could any country but France deliver the noble passage which begins "Behold Behemoth" in the words "Voici l'hippopotame . . ."?

STEPHEN POTTER

NO HANGOVER

"Democracy can be defended only by democrats."
—*Herr Blank, November* 10.

The Reich General Staff is a thing of the past,
The Prussian Old Guard Bonn will never recall,
The citizen force bans the officer caste,
And the Shadow Command will not be like the last,
With Hitler and Goering, Sepp Dietrich and
Brauchitsch, von Manstein,
von Mackensen and old Uncle Rommel and all.

The Shadow Defence Force recruited by Bonn
Will call up commanders who swear to play ball.
The goose-stepping Wehrmacht for ever is gone,
And the new German Army henceforth will march on
With Nato and Uno, and Strasbourg and Pentagon,
Matt Ridgway and Monty, and old Uncle
Adenauer and all.

West German electors who crowd to the poll
Their newly democratized leaders install;
They hail the rebirth of the national soul,
And cheer the removal of Allied control,
With Schepmann and Horstmann, von Mackensen,
Kesselring, Karl Ramcke and old Huppenkothen
and all.

The Shadow Command is not plotting to rule,
No shadow is cast from the Munich Beer-hall,
For Stahlhelm and Panzerkorps drop the old school,
And the Waffen S.S. forms an officer pool,
With swastikas, banners, *Mein Kampf* and *Horst*
Wessel and jackboots and brownshirts and all.

The new Model Army takes arms for the right,
West Germany welcomed the Nazis' downfall;
And out of the shadows and into the light
Come the new German generals who learned how
to fight
With Hitler and Goering, Sepp Dietrich and
Brauchitsch, von Manstein, von Mackensen and
old Uncle Rommel and all.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Dr. Morris, addressing his annual diocesan conference at Monmouth, said it was wrong to think that Henry VIII set a royal example for divorce. He was never divorced; in the two cases where his wife was not killed the marriages were annulled. —*News Chronicle.* (C. R. H.)

It was surely for such a purpose as the Coronation service that God created television.—Letter in *Picture Post.* (R. Pollard.)

Williton Rural District Council have been informed that, due to a mistake, the West Somerset village of Luccombe had a poll they did not want, costing £21 14s. 9d., that they could not afford, and resulting in the election of a man who did not want to stand.—*Local Government Chronicle.* (Brian Stevens.)

Ex-King Farouk has apologised in a letter to Mr. Charles Crampton, of 92 Stretton Street, Leicester, for being late in sending his 12s. 6d. subscription to the British Matchbox Label Society, of which he is a member.—*Leicester Mercury.* (Malcolm Bradbury.)

Mutual trust seems to grow more naturally between people who have attended the same school, fagged for and flogged one another.—*News Chronicle.* (F. R. Robinson.)

Britain's Homes

II. Tramland's Decay

Until last year, this was Tramland. The double-deckers lurched South and South-East from the Thames, down into Battersea, Camberwell, Deptford and Lewisham, past the long Victorian terraces, past the pockets of slum-clearance and bomb-damage, past the lines of little shops punctuated by an Odeon or a department store. In fact, the economic history of this area was written by its tramlines. The horse-tram stopped at New Cross Gate: here were the last of the market-gardens which, Nathan Dews was to write in 1883, "had given place to some of the finest streets in South-East London." It stopped at Lewisham, where the new middle-classes were building suburbs. The electric tram came, and it ran out to the green fields at Catford. All along the line the gaps were filled in; as the workers poured into the cottages on the low land stretching towards the river, their Betters settled down into three-storey villas above the smoke pall. By the end of the century, Deptford was a Borough; by 1916, all but a hundred of its fifteen hundred acres were built on, and the Age of Expansion was over.

I have taken Deptford as an example of Tramland's decline, partly because I have myself watched much of it slide down the scale from gentility into tenements, and partly because it is typical of the belt of uninspired districts which the late Victorians drew round London and other large cities. They are a planner's nightmare, bisected by railway tracks, pock-marked by industry, yards and docks. But, for many years, they will be home for several million people.

Tramland's decay is evident from its appearance, and Deptford's detailed figures confirm the visual impression. It is ageing: twenty-four per cent. of the property is more than eighty years old, and another sixty-three per cent. was built between 1870 and 1916. Its economic decline was hastened by the depression years and by wartime evacuation—the population has fallen from over 100,000 to little more than 75,000—and it was burnt and blasted by bombs, which destroyed 2,000 of its pre-war stock of 18,000 dwellings and damaged virtually all the others.

Yet it is only decay. There is no case here for the dynamite that is needed in the Gorbals. However dreary some of Tramland's streets may be, however unsuitable many of these bathroom-less and often overcrowded houses may be by modern standards, we cannot do without them now, or for any foreseeable future. They are part of our depreciating national capital, and we have to make the best of them. The L.C.C. Development Plan's estimate of the need in the next five years is housing for 113,000 families. In the following six- to twenty-year period, another 274,000 families ought to be rehoused. But these are estimates of *need*, it should be emphasised, not of building possibilities, and they are probably conservative. Even if the necessary 390,000 flats and houses were built over the next twenty years, many thousands of Tramland's decaying properties would still remain in use.

We are, in fact, asking at least a century of service from houses which were sometimes none too soundly built in the first place. Many of them are without damp-courses—the soggy basements of requisitioned properties are a perennial trouble to local Councils—or lack proper foundations. More were neglected by their owners when property values fell in the Thirties, and almost all were left without any attention save emergency repairs during the war. Add war-damage to the natural progress of decay—displaced roofs, cracked walls, subsidence, dry rot or damp running through the streets like a plague—and also add shabby conversions and the hard wear and tear of several families using one house.

The private landlords, in many cases, have almost given up the struggle. Here is "Mud Island," a triangle of little streets wedged between railway sidings, an obvious case for clearance and redevelopment. Much of it is owned by a "ghost landlord" who has not spent a penny on repairs within memory. Faced with a refusal of some of the tenants to pay rent, and then by the threat of action by the local authorities, his rent-collector simply ceased to call. Here is a side-street of cottages, nearly a century old, without bathrooms or electricity, which rent for fourteen shillings a week and average two families to a four-room dwelling. All of them have leaking gutters, dry rot and sweating walls. No repairs have been done since 1936, and the agents pay the rent into a Dublin bank.

Such examples could be repeated a thousand-fold in working-class areas, and much the same picture can be drawn even of "better class" properties. In what, twenty years ago, was a Tory stronghold in Deptford, where derelict mews still testify to the quondam prosperity of the merchants and City men who hung on up to the war, there are now four and five door-bells under the flaking stucco porches. A few of the old families have staved, making an effort to keep up face, but the tenement marches on, bringing with it overcrowding, dereliction and the collapse of property values.

The greater part of Tramland's stock of houses falls within the Rent Restriction Acts—very few of them rent for more than £125 a year—and they are reaching a point in their life when major repairs are required, even if ordinary maintenance has been done, and even if they have escaped any serious damage during the war. Owners of small "parcels" simply do not have the capital to stop the rot, and even the large estates are feeling the pinch. One of the three which own together about one-third of Deptford properties is faced with the early end of its original leaseholds. Another gets insufficient rents to cover running repairs and its reserves are almost exhausted by its efforts to meet the legitimate demands of its tenants. Finally, the artisan owner-occupier, of whom there are still a surprising number, cannot hope to pay for any large-scale work out of his wages. It is as much as he can afford to paint the outside woodwork and distemper interior walls.

If new building promised to make inroads into the bulging housing lists, and thus hold out a reasonable hope of rehousing those who live in decaying property but have not applied to local Councils for relief, the spreading blight of dereliction would be less appalling. But Tramland has no room left in which to build; it is already short of open spaces. New Council or L.C.C. properties can only be erected on bomb-sites or specially cleared land. In Deptford, the post-war programme has provided a thousand dwellings, half of them temporary; by next year all the sites will have been taken up, and nothing more can be done. Nothing, that is, until there is somewhere to put the people displaced by any slum or blight clearance. Yet clearance means that more dwellings are needed than the number demolished. The Census sample shows that in London, one house in three is shared (not converted) and that one in six is shared by three families or more. The worse the houses replaced, as a general rule, the more dwellings will be needed to replace them.

Clearly, some people must move out. But the twelve L.C.C. "out-county" estates will receive only 70,000 emigrants over the next five years, and the New Towns will be doing well if they take the same amount. The majority must stay where they are, whether the roof leaks or not, whether the basements are damp or whether the floors have dry rot. Yet each year sees both further deterioration and a steep increase in the cost of stopping it. It is not enough merely to amend the Rent Restriction Act, even if repairs are made the first charge on increased rents, for the problem is no longer one of saving individual properties; it is how to rescue whole districts.

The very size of the problem suggests an answer. Nothing is more expensive than repairing single houses. Yet the pattern of property-ownership is like a patchwork quilt. In a typical Tramland street, four houses are under requisition by the Council, three are owner-occupied, and the remainder belong to petty landlords who own from one to five houses scattered about the neighbourhood. The houses are run-down; they all need from fifty to two hundred pounds capital expenditure—more if bathrooms are to be added. The sensible approach would be to "recover" the street as a unit, just as if new houses were being built on an estate, sending through the craftsmen in proper sequence. Naturally such an approach raises great legal and financial problems. But until the rescue of property in this condition is tackled on the same scale and in the same way as new construction, no serious counter-attack on decay is possible.

Whatever other disadvantages the Tramland streets may have, viewed in this light they have one thing to be said for them. The Victorian passion for terrace building has left us acres of three-storey brickwork very well suited to *lateral* conversion. The cost is high, admittedly, but this type of conversion is both easier and more satisfactory than the more conventional vertical division of the single house, in which the staircase and the plumbing always present serious difficulties, and it is certainly much cheaper than building new flats and houses. A start in this direction has been made already by the Chelsea Council. If such "unit" repair and conversion were made public policy, and the housing

authorities planned their projects on a scale comparable to the new building programme, possibly in collaboration with big estates, much of Tramland and of similar areas could be saved.

Legislation, of course, would be needed to settle the tricky questions of property rights, rent and the cost of the capital investment. But it is easier to pass Bills through the Commons than it is to find substitutes for the existing rooms, roofs, walls, sewers, gas and electric lines of Tramland. This is the only realistic policy; for, if nothing is done, the whole area will slide into conditions which will make London a slum capital.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Peasants and Politics in Italy

I. He Stopped, too, at Ostellato

At Ostellato the fine tarmac road which runs from Ferrara towards the Adriatic ends abruptly: dusty and pot-holed, its loosely gravelled surface churned by an occasional lorry, a single poor highway leads on to Comacchio, "the capital of misery." The rich, broad fields of the Po valley have been left behind you; here in the Delta is semi-desert, thousands of acres parched in summer and flooded in winter for lack of adequate irrigation and drainage. Not a tractor is visible: under the huge sky, here and there, a couple of skinny oxen are pulling a primitive plough, and in the far distance you may see a tiny row of men and women struggling pitifully with mattocks to break the huge caked clods of heavy, alluvial soil which a plough has turned. Further on, you reach the Valle—a huge tract of flooded land like a Norfolk Broad—fringed by salt-pans and huts where families eke out existence by fishing. In the Delta—its superficial area is some 500,000 acres—there is a population of about 300,000, mainly landless *braccianti*, day-labourers on the soil. This is not the South, of whose stricken *latifondi* Basil Davidson wrote graphically in the columns of this journal two or three years ago. Here you are less than a hundred miles distant from the wealth and modernity of Bologna; yet here are conditions of poverty and brutal squalor which cannot be matched west of southern Serbia.

The long main street of Comacchio gives at first sight the impression of a busy market place: the whole population, men, women and children, crowds pavement and roadway. Presently you discover the reason. Almost all the men are out of work, while for the women and children the grubby street is preferable to homes in which babies lie on mud floors. In October, unemployment among the *braccianti* was at a low level, no more than 75 per cent.; the fag-end of the harvest and autumn ploughing were providing seasonal work, but soon the winter level of 90 per cent. unemployment would be reached. Hence the idle crowds in the street; hence, on a closer look, the drawn cheeks, tight mouths and angry eyes.

For lack of other occupation, the citizens of Comacchio breed; the average family, according to the municipal statistics, includes six children. In the centre of the town, many of the crumbling brick hovels hold six or seven people sleeping in one room, without discrimination of age or sex; and on the outskirts, reached by dirt-tracks which turn into knee-deep mud after rain, there is similar overcrowding in the *casoni*—window-less huts of clay and wattles. Less than 30 per cent. of the children attend school, and more than a quarter of the adult population is illiterate. With an average family income of barely £70 a year, malnutrition is rampant, and so are tuberculosis and trachoma. Electricity is short, and sanitation primitive beyond description. The town, like practically the whole of the Delta, has no piped water supply: drinking water has to be brought in carts a distance of 20 miles, and is sold at a penny for a small pail. And for over forty families, at the time of my visit, there was not even the shelter of a "home" with walls and ceiling held together (as is common in Comacchio) by patches of old newspaper. Unable to pay their rent, they had been evicted, and were packed—with little or no prospect of betterment—into a tiny school which the mayor had reluctantly turned into a hostel. If Christ stopped at Eboli, He certainly never reached Comacchio.

To mention Comacchio or the Delta in the Ministry of Agriculture at Rome does not endear one to the authorities: one is told that this is a "specially difficult" case, a problem which, with Italy's limited financial resources, at present baffles solution. After all, do not the flooded Valli—there are thirty-eight of them in the Delta covering nearly 28,000 acres—produce a yield in fish of the annual value of anything from £3 to £10 an acre? And has not the process of *bonifica*, land reclamation, already achieved much? Certainly land has been reclaimed: under the Mussolini regime a number of concessions were won by large limited liability companies to drain and ditch big areas of swampy, uncultivated land in the Delta; and some of these to-day operate holdings up to 10,000 acres in extent. But their policy has been that common to so much of "monopoly capital" in Italy: they have restricted their investment to the minimum necessary to secure what they consider to be an adequate return on their money. High yields on intensively cultivated land would attract steeper taxation. Why then trouble, if irrigation be hopelessly inadequate, mechanisation nugatory, and the land starved of fertilisers? It is not the job of companies to solve the problem of Italy's rural unemployment; and T.B., infant mortality from gastritis, and the appalling shortage of hospitals, clinics, and schools, are not strictly matters of concern in Board-rooms.

Nor, apparently, are they greatly the concern of the Government. The Catholic press now and then features the progress of land reform. So far, 250,000 acres have been distributed to 20,000 families in 5-50-acre lots on a 30-year payment basis; and out of 9,000 "projected" new rural houses, some 3,000 are said to be under construction. But this programme, carried out (critics say) with a maximum of political favouritism, has affected predominantly the more flagrant areas of absentee landlordism in the South. Its impact on the centre of Italy, which I have been visiting, between the Tiber and the Po, has been insignificant. Comacchio and the Delta are, of course, exceptional: they are a backward area whose existence in Western Europe is fantastic. But the under-production and poverty which they high-light are factors visible in most provinces; and this applies both to the plains and to the hill farms, and not merely to the landless farm labourers, who number about two million in the whole of Italy, but to the *mezzadri*, the share-tenants, who comprise some 500,000 families.

The difficulty of generalising about agriculture in Italy is that, though about 20,000 big landowners own over one-quarter of the land, Italy is traditionally a country of small farms—there are over 4 million of them, and half are holdings of under three acres—whose circumstances and productivity vary enormously from district to district. There is little in common between the intensive market-gardening of the country round Naples, the hill farms of Umbria and the Abruzzi, and the broad wheat and rice-growing acres of the Po valley. Many share-tenants, like the majority of (so far as I could judge) of the small, working owners of land, are reasonably well off—at least in the richer parts of Tuscany. Yet I find it hard to accept the verdict given me complacently by one agricultural "expert" in Rome, that little could be done by soil conservation, mechanisation, or the ampler employment of fertilisers, to raise the total productivity of rural Italy. I was not impressed by the argument that a range of 8 to 16 quintals per acre in wheat yields is a dispensation of Providence which cannot be corrected, or that only emigration can solve the problem of rural unemployment. Nor did I find it wholly satisfactory that in the province of Florence, for example, where just over half the land belongs to 660 large proprietors, only one in three of the farms comprising over 250 acres in extent possessed a single tractor. Hill farming in many parts of Umbria and Tuscany—the Chianti district is a good instance—is visibly deteriorating for lack of capital investment. Though the spectacle of twelve oxen pulling a plough in the rich, heavy land of the Po valley may be magnificently picturesque, it scarcely represents efficient war against want. If the organisations of farm workers and share-tenants are stirring up trouble—as the landed gentry will indignantly tell you—and if their spokesmen at provincial and national congresses proclaim the need for "unremitting struggle," it would be an error to dismiss all this agitation as "Red demagogy."

It is, of course, Communist-led, though—as I shall show—the Left in the Italian countryside is Communist only with curious qualifications; but the agitators can produce figures which the Government cannot easily laugh off. To-day, seven years after the war ended, Italy's agrarian output per head of population is still four per cent below the average for 1910-14. In the past forty years, the value of output from the land, at constant prices, has increased by only 4 per cent., while the population has expanded by 36 per cent. Thus, in this period, agricultural production by head of population has fallen by over 20 per cent.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Census Sample

(By a Correspondent)

The publication of extensive sample tables a mere eighteen months after the Census is a mildly surprising event. It is as if the placings in a chess conference at Hastings had been decided on the second day, or Hutton, moved by some light-hearted barracking, had hit a six in the first half-hour of a Timeless Test. Nobody has, one gathers, been barracking the Census authorities, but they evidently feel that it will do no harm to have a few satisfied customers on the boundary while their machine grinds out detailed statistics, county by county, subject by subject, over the next two or three years.

Not that the sample is likely to satisfy everyone. The palates of the planners and housing experts, for instance, will merely be titillated by its national and regional housing figures. It is interesting to know that just about 45 per cent. of the households in Great Britain lack the exclusive use of a fixed bath (the figure for Scotland is 50 per cent.); that there are more than 57,700 households living at a density of over three persons to a room; or that households with more than two to a room are twice as common in the Northern Region as in the other Regions of England and Wales. But to pinpoint housing needs, local

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figures are essential; and for these we shall have to await the main Census tables.

In the meantime the sample affords an intriguing glimpse into the Census cupboard. There are now, we learn, some 30 per cent. more houses, flats and apartments in Great Britain than in 1931, when the last Census was held. The number of private households has risen by 27 per cent. in the same period. Some 820,000 married couples are living in the homes of others, mainly the parents of one of them—how many perforce, how many by choice, no one, not even the Census authorities, can tell. Then there are 900,000 widows or widowers living alone and 400,000 widowed or divorced people living in the home of a married child. The number of people living alone has apparently doubled since 1931. About 840,000 people (roughly as many as in 1931) were enumerated in hotels or boarding houses. There are less resident domestic servants (178,000, in England and Wales, as against 706,800), but a large proportion of them are still to be found in one-person or two-person households.

As regards family size, the sample appears to do little more than confirm what the demographers knew already. Since 1911, when family questions were last asked in the Census, the number of women under 45 with five or more children has fallen from 21.9 per cent. to 4.4 per cent., while the average number of children is down to 1.72. The average for women whose husbands belong to what the Census somewhat quaintly calls "Social Class I" is still lower, at 1.41. But the figure for this group (comprising, broadly, professional people) has fallen by only 30 per cent. in the last forty years, whereas those for other social groups have decreased by 40-50 per cent.

A new table with interesting possibilities shows, among other things, how many people who had only elementary school education are to be found in various social and occupational groups. Thus 90 per cent. of men in Social Class V (unskilled occupations) left school before they were 15, as against only 17 per cent. in Social Class I. At the other end of the educational scale, some 27 per cent. of men in Social Class I continued their formal education up to or beyond the age of twenty. So did 6 per cent. of the people classed as administrators, managers and directors—but this particular group also included a large proportion (over one-third) of people who left school under 15. The table is not without its curiosities. "Authors, Editors, Journalists and Publicists" for example emerge with fewer laurels than might have been expected. Out of some 21,000, only 3,200 got full-time education beyond 20, while more than 800 (an unusually high proportion) appear under the bashful heading "Not Stated."

It is a pity, one feels, that the two sample volumes have had to be priced as high as 17s. 6d. and £2 respectively. The sample is essentially experimental, and the more widely it is used, the more likely it will be to help the Registrars General to explore their constantly changing market and to make sure what figures their great variety of potential customers really need. The people who will have to plan the next Census, and decide what part sampling techniques are to play in it, will wish to have before them as many private (as well as official or institutional) opinions as possible. It has been well said that a good—if not universal—test of the value of a Blue Book is the number of people willing to pay cash for it—out of their own pockets. At the prices quoted it would be a harsh judge who applied this test to the two sample volumes.

"POT-DE-NAZ", one of Honoré Daumier's famous caricatures of French bourgeois society, is a pun on the name of the subject, Baron Joseph de Podenas. Before his death in 1878 at the age of seventy, Daumier had published nearly four thousand caricatures, one of which, that of King Louis Philippe as "Gargantua", led to his imprisonment for six months.

Today, the caricaturist satirises public figures with no hindrance except the censorship of good taste exercised by the Press itself and, throughout the free world, a highly organised news-gathering system brings the searchlight of knowledge and comment to bear on world-wide affairs without restriction.

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To Face this Page

A THOUGHTLESS person recently gave me a copy of M. Guillemin's book *Le Coup du Deux Decembre*; since then I have been a parasite and a pest. A parasite because, in me, reading is not an industrious occupation, a pest because I can now talk of nothing save that dramatic succession of actions and reactions which enabled Louis Napoleon, first to make himself the creature, then the rival, and finally the master of those clever, but shortsighted gentlemen, the Orleanists and the Legitimists. It is a story full of beautiful natural irony and of sadness, a story of the majestic and ineluctable march of events set in motion by the rising and the defeat of the Parisian workers in 1849, a story—in short, a story which is better told by M. Guillemin than by me. Yet, I have a fault to find.

This book, like so many others of its kind and, particularly of its country, is deficient in one essential—it has no illustrations; or rather, to be quite fair, the reader is provided with one small dingy portrait of the Prince President and is invited to be content with that. What a pleasure and a revelation it would have been to find, between pages of M. Guillemin's brilliant text, the brutal but crafty features of Changarnier, the short-legged Prince, the beauties of the lovely Miss Howard, the savage caricatures of Daumier and Vernier, the charming observations of Constantin Guys, the uniforms and the medals, the parasols and the crinolines, the barricades of the Faubourg St. Antoine and all those things which convey the taste and the tone of an epoch and without which history is an unclothed skeleton.

In this country the use of the circulating library and of relatively expensive books, whatever its disadvantages, does at least enable publishers to embellish historical works with pictures. It is forty years since Professor Bury and Mr. Dalton gave us their magnificent edition of the *Decline and Fall*, an edition in which the lively violence of Byzantine Art makes a perfect foil to the calm equality of the historian's periods. Before the date of that publication, illustrated scholarship was somewhat uncommon; it is now the rule. But in giving life to our erudition we have taken it—most unreasonably—from our fiction. The modern novel is like the Victorian history book; unless it be intended for children, it is closed to the illustrator. He is suffered to go no further than the dust cover; he has no chance of depicting those scenes of historical fantasy or domestic vicissitude which provided so much congenial work for Rossetti, Keene, Millais and the rest.

Excuses may be offered; it may be said that serious novels no longer appear in serial form in the illustrated magazines, that modern artists devote themselves either to the unimaginable or to the unimaginative, and that a stern convention, imported from France by Henry James, forbids the literary artist to rely on any powers save those of the pen. All these excuses are rendered invalid by the striking and monstrous fact that publishers who send new novels undressed into the world are ready to drape a classic in all manner of modern frippery. Mr. X is asked to decorate Jane Austen, Mr. Y is employed on the works of Richardson. This is outrageous. Mr. X makes Elizabeth Bennet a blonde, whereas I know her to have been a brunette; Mr. Y draws Clarissa Harlowe with a round pouting face, and I am perfectly aware that her face was long and oval. It is intolerable that my most cherished beliefs should be thus flouted. The final outrage is committed when Mr. Z is set to illustrate Pickwick or Alice in Wonderland.

One cannot blame the artist; he likes to eat.

But the publisher should know better; that he wants any illustration is a sign of grace and should mean that he has the instinct, if only he had the gumption, to furnish some unpublished novel with good pictures. If he were to adorn the living and leave the dead alone, we should be safe from these iniquities and no preconceived ideas would be affronted. Let the publisher bring the living artist and the living writer together; and let them work co-operatively, as a musician and a librettist should work, each completing the conceptions of the other: we may then hit upon as happy a partnership as that of Belloc and Bentley or Leech and Surtees. It is amusing to speculate on the manner in which one could marry our painters to our novelists. Thus Mr. Lucien Freud might mate with Mr. Graham Greene, Mr. Evelyn Waugh might be yoked with Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., and Professor Coldstream with Miss Bowen.

Somebody will, no doubt, object that paper and money are scarce. As for money, I would say that line blocks are not so very expensive and that I, for one, would buy those books that I now borrow if they were illustrated by competent artists. As for paper, a draughtsman who knows his job should be able to save his author many thousand words. Take, for instance, the following passage from a contemporary writer (not one of those listed above):

"She stood illuminated and dazzled in the sun-lit doorway, her mouth full and sulky, her eyes mutinous beneath their artificial eyelashes, the whole stance of her body bold, insolent and provocative; her frayed blouse, half slipping from her plump bruised shoulders, made no secret of the desirable contours of her breasts. Behind her the darkened living room was bare, save for a bed, two deal chairs, a washstand with a basin half full of dirty water, in which floated the decomposing butt of a used cigarette, its end thickly smeared with murderous lipstick, a slop pail which slowly leaked its contents upon the floor, and a broken table, on which lay half a dozen copies of some cheap illustrated paper. On the wall were prurient photographs of movie stars and, behind a lamp, an image of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The grimy sheets on her bed slipped from beneath the greasy counterpane to the frayed carpet. . . ."

Given a competent illustrator every word of this could be omitted; and this advantage must be held to outweigh all possible objections.

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Body and Soul

"I DON'T hold with the knife at any price." It was the Colonel who spoke, as we sat side by side in deep leather armchairs in the mock-baronial hall. Since there were no antlered heads to clothe them, the walls stared at us with the reproachful gaze of servants deprived of livery; and where the guttural boasts of grouse-shooters should have echoed, there rose and fell only the hollow baritone of my neighbour. On a side table were periodicals devoted to health cures and vegetarianism.

"If we'd been *meant* to use the knife, we'd have been made with our innards exposed. Seems to me to stand to reason. Take the stomach, for instance: it's what you might call hermetically sealed. Well, that proves my point, doesn't it? Wouldn't let a surgeon get within ten paces of me—no feah!"

He cocked an eye at me expectantly. Obviously this was my cue to ask him about his health. There was half an hour to pass before we could get a drink and nothing whatever that I could think of doing.

"What's your trouble?" I asked.

"Oulcers." He pronounced the word with slow relish. His eye, beyond the beaked nose, rolled and glinted as he turned with alacrity towards me.

In half an hour I learnt much—too much. An amazing pilgrimage lasting five years had taken this brittle man with sunken cheeks and burning eye to dozens of hydros, homeopaths, naturopaths, religiopaths, grass eaters and other monomaniac healers. "I even went to one of these urine therapists, but I couldn't stomach the fellow. Stank like a public lavatory at a range of three yards. Well, I mean to say, one has to draw the line somewhere."

"And you find that this place suits you?"

"It's top-hole, old boy. Of course, this is only my second week but it's done me the world of good already. I say—by Jove!—time for our rondyvoo in the bar. Mustn't miss that."

He rose like a jack-in-the-box. Of necessity, I took my time.

"You here for obesity?"

His eye appeared semi-professional as it appraised my bulk.

"'Bout thirteen stone?"

"Fourteen."

"Well, I wasn't far out, was I? Seen dozens like you. I was portly meself once. They'll do you the world of good, old boy. Get you down to twelve in no time. Nothing like it. Ho for the old orange juice—that's what I say. Let us hie us forth."

The bar was a replica of any tiny cocktail dispensary in any genteel hotel. With a desperate attempt to be raffishly elegant, it succeeded in achieving suburban dreariness. The barmaid wore a nurse's uniform. Her complexion was unbelievably wholesome, and her countenance, upon which a perpetual smile was forced by cheerful buck teeth, shone.

"A dry martini for me, my dear. And a pink gin for my friend here."

The Colonel's tittering laugh rattled idiotically, sacriligeously, against the ranged bottles of fruit and vegetable juices. Two middle-aged ladies, sipping magenta cordials with sad contentment, beamed lovingly upon him. "I don't know what we'd all do without the Colonel's sense of humour," said one. "Always merry and bright," added the other.

"Now, now, Colonel"—the barnurse pushed a glass of raisin water towards him with grotesque

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coquetry—"what will Mr. Lucan think, you naughty man?"

"Don't care what he thinks," replied the Colonel with outrageous bravado.

"Mr. Lucan, you can have blackcurrant cordial or raw vegetable juice."

"Blackcurrant cordial, please."

"Good for you, old boy."

"Are you sure? The vegetable juice is much better for you."

"Quite sure."

"Good for you, old boy."

"Now, now, Colonel . . . Here you are then, Mr. Lucan; but the . . ."

". . . *vegetable juice is much better for you.* Ho, ho! You musn't mind my little joke, nursey."

Four times daily we visited the bar. Our afternoons and evenings were mostly free, but our mornings were filled with sitz baths, showers, massage, osteopathy, lavages, sweat baths, exercises. Not only was nothing but a pint or two of liquid being given to my body: much was being taken from it. Sweat baths were the only ingredients of this often humiliating process that lent it an air of luxury. Dozing and dripping prone in a long metal cylinder, one could let the mind roam in dreams of ottoman extravagance; but to be tested afterwards on forehead, navel and sole of foot with litmus paper was disillusioning. Were we nothing more than parcels of alkalines and acids? Surely we must be; for after the first week of fasting, when hunger had deserted me without leaving me tantalised by hallucinations of heaped and perfumed dishes, I found that I could apparently live on air and thimblesful of vegetable matter. I could even walk three miles a day with ease. What, I began to wonder, were all those shipwrecked sailors, those fasting saints, those hunger strikers, about? Humbugs!

Until the tenth day, I could read with avidity and enjoyment. After that, concentration became more and more difficult. The mind, light and exceptionally clear, simply fluttered aimlessly in the air while the body, now sagging slightly, was anchored and withdrawn. Several times I caught myself spending two or three hours staring into space. I even woke in this mood, for one does not sleep sound when fasting. Perhaps this insomnia helps to reduce the unhappily fat? Yes or no, I lost nearly two stone, as the Colonel had predicted, in a fortnight. By the thirteenth day I began to feel weak behind the knees, empty in the head, ready to surrender. I revised my opinion of hunger strikers and saints, especially as we, unlike them, were living in twelve-guineas-a-week comfort.

"Mr. Lucan," I was informed on the fourteenth evening, "you will break your fast to-morrow." Glorious news! I had passed my test and was now about to graduate, to become initiated into the mysteries that lay behind the door marked "Dining Room." Enviously I had watched many predecessors pass through that entrance to the holy of holies as I sat filling in the interminable minutes in the bar. What happened in there? What were those delicious smells which, even as I smelt them, I pretended to despise? The Elect, returning through that door, spoke of remote affairs—nut cutlets and vast helpings of raw salad, dates, roast potatoes, wholemeal puddings. They had a knowing air; they smiled superior smiles. Having served their time, they could afford to swell with conspicuous pride, or modestly make little of their endurance.

I was placed, at luncheon, at a small table with the Colonel. "Welcome to Liberty Hall, old man. Glad to see you. A most honourable performance, if I may say so—as one who knows. Sit you down. Let the nautch girls be brought on. This is the land of milk and honey." But he looked unwell, dispirited. The dreadful joviality slid heavily off his tongue like an auto-suggestive lesson he had almost despaired of learning. "I say, rather good that—milk and honey—afraid that's just about all my old tum-tum will stand. I haven't shaped up as well as I'd hoped. . . ."

As he rambled on, I ceased to listen, concentrating my attention on the silver-plated cutlery, the shining crockery, the clean linen cloth. Merely to look at such things was a psychological feast. Then there was set before me a bowl containing twenty-two white grapes; and a smaller bowl, cup-sized, half full of sultanas soaked in water. Told to eat these slowly, I masticated and pulped them about in my mouth for nearly forty minutes. The juice of the sultanas tasted like wine. Wine! By God, in just over a fortnight I could. . . .

"Juice of the unfermented grape," cried the Colonel. "Finest natural medicine in the world. How's it going? Kind to the old tum? You'll be on light salads to-morrow, mark my words; and the next day, full diet. Seen dozens of your kind. Right as rain in no time. As for me, the path is long and weary. . . ." He fiddled disconsolately with a spoonful of his single porridge-like dish. ". . . long and weary. Back to the bar to-morrow, I fear. That is, if I stay on here. But I'm not so sure it's quite the right place. . . . Just heard of a new cure, in Ireland. They bury you in a peat bog for two hours a day. Only up to the neck, of course. . . . Sounds a bit cranky, what? But there's something in that bog-water, I'm sure of it, something in it."

The next day, walking in the little local town, I let myself go. Unrestrainedly, I feasted my eyes on forbidden things: young chicken, hams, liver sausage, cake, mince pies, bottles of burgundy, coffee. Only another fortnight! Six months later, at fourteen stone eight, I'm resigned to fatness, glad of my bulk, happy that my mind has once more re-entered my earth-bound frame. I've decided that I don't hold with the knife of fasting, *at any price*. After all, the Colonel, poor devil, once "portly," is now the thinnest of men.

HENRY LUCAN

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Speakers: James Hudson, M.A., M.P.; John Ferguson, M.A., B.D.; John Kay, M.A.; Reginald Reynolds, Sybil Morrison (Chairman).

Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

Wednesday, December 3, 7.30 p.m.

The Arts and Entertainment

NORMA

BELLINI'S lyrical tragedy, revived at Covent Garden after many years of neglect, once again divides the musical world into two camps. Is it majestic or trivial? a classic or a waxwork? a fount of divine melody or a mere singer's vehicle? When the opera was revived with Rosa Ponselle in 1929, I remember an evening paper's headline: "Silence that dreadful Bell-ini!". *The Times* reviewer of the present performance says very much the same thing in a more genteel manner. "A tedious opera . . . musical vapidity . . . rum-tum wind chords . . . eternal arpeggia [sic] . . . we can tolerate it as a historical curiosity . . . an opera of the type that did for perhaps half a century make the form a byword for absurdity."

This severe verdict does not quite fit the facts. Large audiences are not much interested in historical curiosities; they are out for a good time. If *Norma* is a just tolerable museum piece, why are the five performances sold out, at increased prices, and to wildly enthusiastic audiences? Is it not abundantly plain that this Covent Garden revival, in the original Italian and with the two female roles impressively cast, has come like water to a parched land? After a wilderness of gruff baritones and musical comedy soubrettes, it is delightful to listen to singing in the grand, self-confident manner; and it is doubly delightful to hear such singers in the cantilena of Bellini, so ample, varied and expressive. I am not thinking only of "Casta Diva," which is certainly one of the world's noblest tunes, but of the innumerable melodies and melodic fragments which well up throughout Bellini's score: for instance, the D minor cello cantilena which becomes Norma's "Teneri, teneri figli," and the entire conclusion of the second act, from the tense F major melody which is passed to and fro between soprano and tenor ("In mia man alfin tu sei"), through the slow G major ensemble with its strangely impressive drum-roll ("Qual cor tradisti"), to Norma's last E minor appeal to her father ("Deh! non volerli vittime"), which, after the *sotto voce* entrance of the other voices and the consoling modulation into the major key, broadens out to become one of the most affecting finales in opera.

Why are Bellini's critics deaf to the human appeal of such music as this? Because, in music's eternal oscillation between the simple and the complex, the superior status of complexity strikes them as self-evident. We are asked to despise Bellini's arpeggio accompaniments "from which Verdi gradually extricated himself and which Wagner made for ever out of date." Now this is the old-fashioned evolutionary view of art, which assumes that Wagner was a superior Darwinian species towards which Bellini and the young Verdi were dimly groping; and I had hoped that such notions were, themselves, "for ever out of date." Does anyone seriously believe that melodies like "Ah non credea mirarti" or "A te o cara" would be improved if elaborate figuration or symphonic texture were substituted for the simple broken chords with which they are accompanied? (Of course, they would be spoiled.) Wagner himself, the most subjective and egotistic of composers, recognised the profound humanity and beauty of *Norma*. Indeed, Bellini has never lacked champions; but they are more often found among the ranks of composers and composer-critics (Stravinsky, Lambert, Walton, Cecil Gray, Pizzetti) than among professional critics or musicologists. Those whose business it is to analyse and expound the structure of music seem baffled in the presence of a melodic genius so pure, so warm and so direct: he leaves them too little to say.

In any performance of *Norma* the interest must centre on the protagonist, of whom godlike gifts

are demanded. Lilli Lehmann, speaking from experience, declared that it was easier to sing all three Brünnhildes than one Norma. Since the retirement of Flagstad, there is no adequate Brünnhilde in the world; and we may count ourselves lucky to possess, in Maria Callas, a Norma of extraordinary powers. She is a handsome woman of great presence and authority: everything she does rivets the attention of the house. She is also a first-rate tragic actress, who knows how to harmonise the conflicting elements of Romani's well-drawn heroine: among the Druids a queen; with her children and Adalgisa a loving, distraught woman; with the faithless Pollione a blazing fury. Her voice is a brilliant and powerful instrument, not perfectly equalised throughout its wide compass. The upper register is clean and strong, but sustained high notes develop a rapid vibrato which comes close to a trill; the freely used chest notes are of splendid quality and capable of many inflexions of passion and scorn. In the middle octave we detect perhaps some sign of her Greek parentage: the tone here, probably owing to an excess of nasal resonance, emerges a little sinewy or wiry. We miss the fullness and roundness, the Italiate bloom and smoothness, which are demanded by "Casta Diva" and many another page. Nobly phrased and finely sustained, Mme Callas's "Casta Diva" was not altogether happy until she reached the soft florid passages above the chorus; these were as exquisite as the following cabaletta was brilliant. In her admirable bravura singing, the downward scales are especially remarkable; her enunciation is distinct and vigorous, her treatment of recitative infinitely varied. Altogether, if as yet an imperfect vocalist, she is the most interesting new singer heard in London for many years.

Beside this heroic Norma, Ebe Stignani made a beautifully placid Adalgisa. As always, she showed herself a solid, classical and utterly dependable artist, and her duets with Norma (although the questionable re-arrangement of the acts placed them too close together) roused the audience to understandable enthusiasm. Yet these mature, massive, matronly tones hardly suggest Bellini's timorous novice: they make Adalgisa seem like Norma's aunt. When did the practice become customary of giving this part to a mezzo, with the consequent downward transposition of "Mira, o Norma"? The first Adalgisa was Grisi, the part is ascribed to a soprano in the score, and in the duets Adalgisa's solo passages are identical with those of Norma. Throughout the 19th century Adalgisa seems almost always to have been a lyrical soprano, and I should like to see this casting restored.

In *Norma*, males take a back seat. Giacomo Vaghi's woolly singing of Oroveso's music turned the Archdruid into an arch-bore—which was not altogether Bellini's fault. Mirto Picchi has developed a rasp in his tone since last I heard him; but his Pollione was vigorous and personable. Alan Barlow's sets were sensible but lacking in mystery; Gianfranco Enriquez produced clearly, effectively and almost without fuss. Vittorio Gui held the whole performance together in masterly style, drawing fine tone from the orchestra but failing to produce a martial resonance from the lethargic chorus. It was, all the same, a great evening.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THREE MURDERS AND A RIOT

THE riot is the new Aldwych farce back at its own home once again, with Robertson Hare, Ralph Lynn and Constance Lorne. This is far the funniest play on show in London not excluding *Seagulls over Sorrento* and *The Little Hut*. I know, of course, this is to lay myself open; for people differ in nothing so much as in their idea of what is funny. And then, I suppose it very possible that *Wild Horses* will strike those under thirty as wildly old-fashioned—a faded yellowing snapshot from across the gulf that always separates a post- from a pre-war generation. The post-war generation is now half Americanised, in its sense of humour especially; while the Aldwych farce is absolutely English, pre-American English. It is one of the last relics of the English music-hall tradition before Mr. Val Parnell changed its shape. It belongs to the music-hall where no one either crooned or swooned, where the singers needed no microphones and were generally enormous contralto blondes blazing with sequins. To the English in those days American men's clothes were a joke and their speech forms barbaric. *Wild Horses* belongs to that vanished England which meant by "pants" woollen combinations down to the ankles, an England of stout and steak and kidney pudding, in which there was as much kidney as steak and the steak wasn't out of a tin. What we have gained by learning to chew and to sing off key is doubtless considerable. What we have lost the young may see by going with their solemn po-faces to watch their elders dry-mouthed and doubled up with laughter at these marvellous clowns put through the hoop by the brilliant Ben Travers.

The jokes are simple and dirty, or just simple; and puns fall as thick as in any Christopher Fry play. The climax comes with Mr. Robertson Hare disguising himself as a woman. The transvestist act is still, of course, good for a laugh in any music-hall. But here it is different. Mr. Hare doesn't "camp" or show off. Our best comic actor naturally knows how to get the strongest instead of the weakest laugh. Farce must be played in character. If a middle-class Englishman had to dress up as a woman, he would naturally be thoroughly ashamed of his attire and yet grimly, if anxiously, determined to get away with it. Mr. Hare gets it exactly. Mr. Ralph Lynn, returning after several years, is as accomplished an idiot as ever. If a weak patch threatens, he can still be counted on to "ad lib" his way

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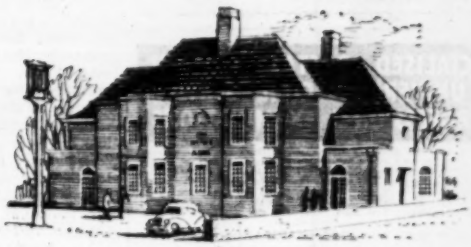

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through it with the same old brilliance. To descend to mere assessment, *Wild Horses* is better than the last though not quite so good as the best. Miss Ruth Maitland, for instance, hasn't a big enough part, and Miss Joan Haythorne is not quite happy in this extreme form of comedy.

The two murders take place respectively at the Ambassadors and the St. James's. Each just gets away with it and each owes that to a single player. *Murder Mistaken* starts slowly but mounts to an exciting climax: *Dead Secret* begins excellently but does not develop enough in the way of surprise. Too little interesting characterisation in each: clever acting in both. The accumulation of small touches of vivid observation bring the respective central characters alive, Miss Brenda de Banzie, in the first as a richly vulgar barmaid and Mr. Hugh Wakefield in the second as an irrepressible old codger with a brandy cough. Passable entertainment in both.

M. Jean Genet is a writer who already enjoyed considerable prestige in Paris before Sartre canonised him, and this in spite of the fact that his works are mostly confined to limited editions. He combines an imagination which goes further into the depths than most dare or care, with a style that is praised for its lyric beauty. His subject is, roughly speaking, some mystique of criminality. This week and next at the Court Theatre, Sloane Square, his one-act play *Les Bonnes* is being performed, in French, by an enterprising group. *Les Bonnes* explores the fantasy world in which two servants—sisters—are enmeshed by their hatred of their position. In the absence of their mistress who flourishes in the underworld, they play out their fantasies of hatred and humiliation until the world of fantasy and reality become fatally one. For a theme so subjective the stage is perhaps not the best medium, though it must be admitted that passages have a certain phrenetic force and Miss Selma Vaz Dias, assisted by Miss Olive Gregg and Miss Betty Stockfield, presents them with a passionate persuasiveness.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

Journey into Silence, an impression of the work done in this country for the deaf (as far as meagre public grants permit), was one of the best Home Service documentary features that I have heard for a long time. The temptations of this *genre*, much listening suggests to me, are many: noisy background effects, crowded scenes, hearty and stagey dialogue, heavy-footed emphasis, journalistic sentiment, flashbacks leaving *nothing* to the imagination, the easy performing of miracles. All of these, even the last, were firmly resisted in Eileen Hots's excellent programme, which had not only information but selection and design, and which demonstrated the frustrations of deafness as well as the marvels of modern treatment. What the radio best conveyed was the learning of speech by the born deaf, by adults as well as by infants; the difficulties being such that the ordinary using of words became as impressive and moving as the *bonne bouche* at the broadcast's end (the reciting of Ariel's song by a child who had been taught to speak, and the singing of "Strawberry Fair" by a choir of deaf children). It might be added that a good deal of the even timing and general quietness could be traced to the narration, which was admirably read by Duncan McIntyre.

Monday by Monday I find myself turning with interest to the discussion programme *Talking of America*. This is a Home Service series in six weekly parts, in which the speakers (usually experts who have lived for a while in the opposite country) offer impressions of the one as well as information about the other. Money, crime, education, the domestic pattern have so far been the topics; and last week, on Election eve, democracy. The impulse behind each discussion is of an honourable kind: educational, friendly, informative; *not* sophisticated, critical or ironical. If the effect is frequently the second one it is not the fault of producers and planners (whose work deserves nothing but praise) but of the quaint facts themselves. The speakers, indeed, though many of them have been unusually liberal and objective, are sometimes like those unlucky fairy-tale characters who, wishing to say the very best things, could not open their lips without a toad coming forth. Material ambition, the national American ideal instilled from childhood, seems to be the source of this embarrassment. What, we ask ourselves, will happen when *every* citizen has gained his wish to become the firm's managing director? Yet our ways too (where they still remain our own), seem equally strange to our visitors, we were reminded. While it may be a little unnerving to learn that one may if one desires (or opts) take a University degree in Book-Reviewing in the States, an American is as perplexed to find that crime, here, is not on the whole a business matter. "It seems to be strictly individual," said a speaker, "—between two or three people—the product of emotion." Nevertheless if, on analysis, the impression of America given by these talks is hardly an edifying one, we may extract from them more than one gnomic observation. Thus, "When I came over here in 1943," a contributor remarked, "the Americans were complaining that the English were immoral, and the English were complaining that the Americans had no morals. Now if both had been true, everybody would have been happy."

Sir Thomas Phillipps, by A. N. L. Munby, was not only a scholarly portrait of one of the most "eccentric, irascible and unlikeable" of Victorian book-collectors; but a hair-raising study in obsession. Its use of original material and nice sense of period were in refreshing contrast to the fictional-biographical romancing which hardly any of the notable dead have escaped. (I will say nothing of what happened to Rossetti and Miss Siddal last Sunday afternoon.)

A few listeners will, I hope, have shared my astonishment on Sunday morning when the Critics, almost to a man, revealed that they knew nothing of Browning's poetry, nor yet of what it was *about*. Nobody had even thought to peep into a book to see. Miss Macaulay knew, it seemed, but would not tell. Another speaker would have liked to tell but unhappily did not know. "Optimism" murmured a third and fourth, with recollections, it was admitted, of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. His reputation must be at its lowest ebb, was the last suggestion. But if Browning failed to make the grade, Mrs. Dale did not: *she* passed this Board with flying literary honours.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"Les Enfants Terribles," at the Continentale
"The Marrying Kind," at the Carlton

With a new Cocteau film one may be certain of one thing: it will be quite unlike anything we have seen or dreamt of since the last Cocteau film. So it is with *Les Enfants Terribles* (in English, *The Strange Ones*). Those who have read the novel will know that it concerns a private world of brother and sister who, growing up, refuse to abandon their childhood myth. They share the same bedroom, more than a bedroom—Ali Baba's cave, conspirators' den, witches' kraal. Round the walls are heroic photographs of murderer as well as film star; a chest of drawers contains treasures (no one else could recognise them as such); the female bust on the mantelpiece has been moustached; there's a Game, involving hypnotism; not chairs and tables but beds are the essential furniture; and on all this precious litter, confined to a glass-doored room in a Paris apartment, with an invalid mother next door, sunlight never intrudes. It is such a dream world as that of the Brontës, except that here, Cocteau not Haworth being the ambience, Romanticism takes on subtle, austere forms. The modern and the mythological link arms, or cock snooks, and Death is on the stair.

Real Cocteau, in fact. But how is the magic to be exercised on a screen? The straight playing of *Les Parents Terribles*—a perfect transcription in its way—can't be employed here. That was

drama, this narrative; and poetic narrative, in which metaphor, the musing paragraph end, do the trick. The method chosen (after, I've no doubt, long deliberation) is reinforced or synthetic. That's to say, Cocteau keeps the framework of past narration, spoken by himself, adds the inner or outer frame of a Bach-Vivaldi concerto, and within these spring the scenes of the drama. The single lilt of the printed page requires, then, a threefold assault. Is the result scattered, uneven, a shade rigid? Yes. Does it fascinate? Of course. Even bad Cocteau does that, and this is not bad, merely inadaptable, Cocteau.

The screen has known the lifetime of two poets, Cocteau and Chaplin (a third, Vigo, died when he had only started), and with the one as with the other everything they may do leaves a mark, a quickening, that, if only at moments, must stir more deeply than the best-contrived prose of their rivals. Chaplin is, of course, much the greater figure: magic fingers have always been Cocteau's boast, and he has turned them to page and stage, screen, loudspeaker, and for all I know architecture and knitting. The two met amusingly, sprite and wizard—on a yacht, I seem to remember, in Chinese waters—with some reverence on both sides; this meeting is described in *Mon Premier Voyage*.

But to return: *Les Enfants Terribles*, if the least successful of his adaptations, stinks of Cocteau. Sometimes the spoken word predominates, with the image, for example, over a wrecked car's wheel coming to rest, of roulette; the literal shot follows, unneeded. Bach-Vivaldi adds stateliness to an ascent of stairs, makes march what would otherwise halt. Of the two main characters, the girl carries everything, being given a frank, odd intensity by Nicole Stephane, while the boy and the direction by J.-P. Melville are somewhat passive.

The whole film achieves strangeness rather than the rapt initiation it demands. It has suffered some cutting, I gather, and the English sub-titles (*shore* or *sea-shore* for seaside) don't help.

Miss Judy Holliday as a dumb blonde and Mr. Aldo Ray as her husky man provide entertainment in *The Marrying Kind*, written by Ruth Gordon and Carson Kanin, and directed by George Cukor. This is a smart rueful piece about a marriage falling apart, but putting it together again seems beyond the reach, if not the pretensions, of these film-makers.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

John Piper, Elinor Bellingham-Smith, at the Leicester Galleries

In many cases it requires a sort of naivety to produce profound works. John Piper, for example, is too intelligent and sophisticated to attempt anything beyond the epigram. He deliberately limits himself to an art of minute adjustments, hoping that in the concentrated finesse of his gestures and style he will compensate for any lack of imaginative scale. And this, I think, is true despite the fact that his work appears superficially passionate and abandoned. It was even true of his romantic landscapes, but then is was difficult to appreciate the value of his approach, because storm clouds and huge hills do not properly lend themselves to the epigram. Now in these thirty new pictures, mostly of decorative architectural details, one can again enjoy—as in his early abstracts and in many of his stage décors—the essential wit and taste of his talent; a talent far nearer to the typographer's, the designer's, the truly imaginative florist's then that of the romantic painter proper. Looking at the best of these paintings, of beautifully weathered stone-carved fonts and frivolous bouquets of flowers against stained glass shadows, one admires, above all, the sensitivity of their arrangement, and then what I can only call their pyrotechnic performance—the velocity of their textures, the taste of their surprises, gold against blue, magenta against white, the subtlety of their transitions, the elegance of their whole display. Of Miss Bellingham-Smith's thirty paintings in the same gallery, the poetic landscapes (rather reminiscent of shots from a Renoir film) are far more satisfying and direct than her pictures of wistful, adolescent girls on the brink. J. B.

Correspondence

MAU MAU

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin's cable from Nairobi confirms many facts which emerged during the Mau Mau debate in the House of Commons last Friday. Witchcraft, always endemic in African society, has reappeared in a particularly nasty and concentrated form. In August, when the situation deteriorated, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, failed to understand what was happening. He neglected to take the obvious step of instructing the new Governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, to proceed to Kenya without delay. The result was that in a critical situation the Colony was left without a Governor from June 21 to September 29. When Mr. Lyttelton woke up he stampeded and authorised the enactment of legislation which suspends all democratic rights and safeguards for Africans over the whole of Kenya—although Mau Mau disorders were confined to a quite small area. Mr. Lyttelton has disregarded informed opinion both in Kenya and in this country by declaring that "Mau Mau is not the child of economics."

But Mr. Lyttelton's greatest error, perhaps, has been his disregard of moderate opinion. With Jomo Kenyatta and the majority of the leaders of the Kenya African Union detained on suspicion, there is nobody to whom the Kikuyu will listen. The moderates who now lead the Kenya African Union are denied all opportunity of urging the Kikuyu to abandon Mau Mau and to return to the policy of pressing for political and economic reform through constitutional channels. Mr. Lyttelton has destroyed any influence the moderate leaders might have by failing to understand their difficulties and by saying, when asked if he saw a chance for moderate leaders to influence opinion, that "the moderates had neglected their past opportunities."

Having decided that Mau Mau was not the result of economic difficulties and that the moderates were not to be given their chance, the only thing left to Mr. Lyttelton was to back his policy of repression by force. And this he has done without regard to cost or consequences. Presumably on his advice the Government decided to strengthen the considerable force of King's African Rifles, drawn not only from Kenya but also from Uganda and Tanganyika, by sending the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers to the Colony. There may be some justification for this step, but what can one say of the decision to send the cruiser H.M.S. *Kenya* to Mombasa? The coastal area was free from incident. There was no record of Mau Mau activities. All the members of the Kenya Legislative Council, with one exception, protested against the decision to apply emergency measures to their constituencies. Local objections passed unheeded and Mr. Lyttelton decided that the cruiser should go to Mombasa and that the sailors, in the old-fashioned way, should march through the streets. Nothing could better demonstrate the futility and absurdity of using force as a substitute for political and economic reform.

Unless the repressive measures which Mr. Lyttelton has introduced are to become a permanent part of the government of Kenya, sooner or later discussions must take place between all races in order that peaceful methods of reform can be pursued. In the meantime a provocative display of force in a quiet and peaceful town will do nothing to help to attain this object. Indeed, it may have the opposite effect, for Mr. Lyttelton has made it clear throughout Africa that as long as a Tory Government is in power, force is the corner stone of Britain's colonial policy.

GEORGE WIGG

House of Commons.

LESSON OF HIGH WYCOMBE

SIR,—You rightly say in your editorial of November 8, that the Labour election programme at High Wycombe "consisted of a lot of loose planks, most of which had worn rather thin." Probably the thinnest of these planks is the constant repetition that the present Government is doing "nothing and seems to be doing it rather successfully." Time was when the Labour Party gained ground because it set out to appeal to the intellect of educated people as well as to the emotions of the under-educated. Now that most folk have received varying degrees of education, the old trick of a predominantly emotional appeal is not quite enough.

Perhaps one of the stupidest things that the Labour press has indulged in recently is the conspiracy of silence regarding progress in the rate of building houses. As at High Wycombe, the swing of votes at the next election will be completely in the hands of non-Socialist "middle-roaders" who regard each party quite dispassionately, and even cynically, and vote for the party whom they think least untrustworthy. Many of these folk are thrifty, skilled artisans who are fairly shrewd observers and tend to listen-in to radio news and radio programmes presenting discussions on subjects of industrial and economic interest. Despite non-reporting by Labour papers, such folk become aware that the rate of house building is 100 per day more than under the previous Government, that they keep more of what they earn from working overtime, that family allowances have increased and that at last there is a fall in the cost of living index—the first since 1945. Non-reporting of these facts in the Labour press only serves to make floating voters more cynical of Labour propagandists and less likely to give their votes to the Labour Party.

The floating voter also has access to information that "full employment" is a slogan for what is, in reality, "minimal unemployment." Now that is influenced not only by governmental policy but also by a seller's market consequent upon the dearth of consumer goods following the war years during which ipdustry was harnessed to the war effort; lack of competition from Germany and Japan; the rise in the school age; a larger standing army than before the war; the height of tariff barriers in countries to whom we export and, lastly, by loans from countries abroad.

With the B.B.C. supplying discussions about the above subjects it becomes more and more difficult to appeal to the floating voter on a purely emotional basis—particularly with statements designed to persuade him that unemployment is inevitable unless a Labour Government is in power. Until Labour

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apologists bring themselves up to date by basing their appeal upon facts—even modest achievements such as the Tories publicise—they will continue to lose votes at bye-elections instead of gaining votes as the Tories did when the 1945–50 Labour Government had been in office for a similar period. Only one other event might save them: an increase in unemployment due to a step-up in foreign competition, increased tariff walls against our exports, and the buyer's market thereby hardening still further against our products. Even that is cold comfort for, should a Labour Government gain office under such conditions, they themselves would be faced with the fact that unemployment is not necessarily maintained at minimal rates by governmental policy.

A. H. GALLEY

12 Chessington Road East,
West Ewell, Surrey.

TRANSPORT POLICY

SIR,—I am surprised to see you advocate, in your issue of October 25, higher prices for rail travel, coupled with restrictions on travel by road. This outlook ignores two facts: first, the main competitors for passengers of the railways are not the buses but cars, motor-cycles, pedal cycles, and even walking. In the last year for which we have detailed figures, 1950, some £370 millions was spent on private road transport, compared with £120 million spent on travel by rail. Secondly, the main users of the long-distance buses are the poorer people, many of whom would not be able to travel at all if forced to pay high rail fares, which are usually 80 per cent. above those charged by long-distance coaches.

It seems to me that a really Socialist policy for transport would have cheap travel as one of its main objectives. The Transport Commission's reports show that, even after paying for additional safety measures, passengers can be carried more cheaply by the railway main lines than by coaches. The reason why the main line railway passenger nevertheless pays so much more than the coach passenger is that he is subsidising the travel of the few passengers on small branch and cross-country lines who have not deserted to the roads, here both more economical and more convenient. It is not easy to provide a simple answer to the problem of reducing railway fares, but I would suggest the following main points. First, where possible, the organisation of the local lines should be adapted to the lighter loads they now carry—they are often still organised much as they were when they were a local monopoly. This might be done partly by using diesel rail cars. Secondly, where, even after everything possible has been done in this way, the Commission would still lose less by closing the line than by keeping it open, it should be closed, or, if it is considered socially necessary, the taxpayer in general rather than other railway passengers should subsidise it. Lines are being closed, but not nearly fast enough in an age when the bus carries the local passenger from the end of the lane to the centre of the town. Lastly, the railways should drop their self-imposed social philosophy of charging all passengers the same fare per mile regardless of when and where they travel. This is the main obstacle to the railways dealing with the very costly peaks of travel, for which extra vehicles have to be provided, by offering cheap fares to encourage people to use the empty off-peak trains.

E. R.

FARMING CREDITS

SIR,—Whatever may be the effect of credit restriction on industry, its effect on agriculture, and particularly beef production can only be described as a disaster. The Government's declared policy of encouraging banks to grant maximum facilities in the interest of higher food production has so far not filtered down to the local bank manager, the person with whom the farmer has to deal. The blind application of credit restriction is not only a complete bar to any expansion but even to maintaining of present stocks.

There is in the Western Isles an island of some 350 acres. It carries an attested beef herd in addition to other stock. This year hay was cut in May and secured in early June. There are 40 acres of arable on which were grown good crops of oats and barley, potatoes and fodder beet, cabbage and kale. There is in fact more than sufficient winter feeding for the thirty-odd breeding stock, and in addition most of the feeding for other stock.

Until two years ago this land was overrun by rabbits and its only contribution to food production was the grazing of a few sheep. That had been the situation, certainly for decades. How much stock this land could carry when the planned improvements in drainage and reseeding are carried out is difficult to say, but certainly much more than double the present number of beef stock and three times that number of sheep. Beef raising, however, is a long-term policy. Mating our stock in the spring, it will be the autumn of 1954 before there can be any return, and even then only from the sale of weaned calves.

Credit is essential to maintaining our present herd. It is even more essential to carry out the improvements and expansion visualised. The security we have to offer—land and buildings, realisable stock and harvested crops—has up to now always been considered sound security by the bankers. We are, however, informed by the local bank manager, very nicely but very bluntly, that his instructions are not to entertain any new accounts, whatever the security offered. If we cannot obtain an overdraft at the bank, we can at least mortgage the land and buildings. Can we? We made application to a Government-sponsored agricultural corporation. Our assets, after deduction of all liabilities were £6 7,000. Half of this amount could have been realised within a week in the event of being compelled to have a forced sale. The application was turned down without any explanation whatever being given. The Government appoint one of the directors to the board of this corporation, so there can be no excuse for their not being aware of Mr. Butler's special concern for higher food production.

Briefly our position is that, having ample security, we cannot obtain one penny of credit either by way of an overdraft, or a mortgage on the property. We are now compelled to reconsider our long-term policy of beef stock rearing, and decide how far to switch to a policy giving a quicker return, notwithstanding the fact that the land is admirably suited for beef stock rearing. Given reasonable credit facilities we could not only maintain our present stock but push ahead with improvements in drainage, shelter belts and fencing, and increase the stock.

So far as the country is concerned, the loss occasioned by this blind credit restriction can be visualised by considering the fact that even now we carry more cattle per acre than the much publicised large schemes of cattle raising, and that a venture such as this could be multiplied hundreds of times if reasonable credit facilities were available.

HENRY HILDITCH

Isle of Skye.

FLOGGING

SIR,—In his excellent letter in your issue of November 8, C. H. Rolph seems to imply that, for circulation reasons, all popular newspapers must support the demand for flogging.

May I point out that the *Sunday Pictorial* on November 2 published an article by me which contained some facts also quoted by Mr. Rolph, particularly making the points that flogging has never diminished violent crime and that a return to judicial corporal punishment would be a concession to the clamour for revenge.

Subsequent letters from *Sunday Pictorial* readers did indeed show a majority in favour of flogging, but this was by no means as large as those claimed by other papers. Very few supporters of flogging wrote vindictive or abusive letters.

Violent crime and flogging are in the news, and it would be useless to ignore them. However, it seems that those who are prepared to consider sober facts are by no means to be found only among the readers of publications with smaller circulations.

SYDNEY JACOBSON

6 Avenue Road,
St. Albans, Herts.

BRITAIN'S HOMES

SIR,—It is interesting to note that the appalling conditions in the Glasgow slums, described by your correspondent, existed during the six years of Socialist government without any comment from your paper.

H. BROOKE

80 Woodside Avenue,
London, N.10.

[Mr. Brooke is wrong. If he will refer to our issue of February 4, 1950—published, he should note, on the eve of the General Election—he will see more than a column devoted to a description of Scottish housing couched in very similar terms to those of Mr. Davidson. Another of the references which show that this journal has consistently drawn attention to such "appalling conditions" may be found in our issue of April 14, 1945, in an article reporting a bye-election in which a Labour candidate was successfully challenged by a Scottish Nationalist who made housing and social conditions in Scotland the main point of his campaign. The present articles on Britain's Homes are part of a general series in which we are assessing the most pressing needs after the first six years of the Welfare State.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

BOOKS WANTED

SIR,—Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION are concerned with the problem of Juvenile Delinquency. They may not realise that they can make an individual contribution of help to those closely connected with the problem.

We are trying to provide books to be lent to these young people from their local probation office. They live in areas remote from library facilities and books are non-existent in their homes. By developing a small library the Probation Officer can strengthen an official contact, while stimulating the mind and widening the horizon of young people who need this help.

They are aged eight to sixteen. The choice of books is not easy, for their taste is not adult. Could readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION help us by sending suitable books to this office: or by a special donation which will be used to buy suitable books direct from the publishers?

H. C. LAWTON,
Chairman

Education and Action for Leisure,
Parliament Mansions,
Abbey Orchard Street, S.W.1.

Books in General

FOR a biographer the life* of Chekhov is a full one but there is no large, simple drama in its pattern. Nothing in it can be compared with the conversions of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, or Turgenev's turn to Western Europe. The journey to the convict settlement of Sakhalin in which Chekhov "repaid his debt to medicine," his work in the famine, and his short, rather frantic plunge into Tolstoyan teaching are not signs of special moral crisis. Chekhov had always been one of those individualists who are subject to outbreaks of conscience. He was, in many ways, the complete doctor, in beard and pince-nez, a man so familiar with human stupidity, ignorance, vanity and suffering every day, that no public programme of salvation could have his evidence for long. In a remarkable prophecy he once said that an avalanche would soon descend upon Russia; his own real solution for the evils and follies of life was work. There was also, as everyone observed, an impenetrable reserve in his nature. He himself, at one time, deplored his own lack of a sustained and coherent philosophy of life and he was extremely sensitive when critics dubiously asked what the purpose of his art was. His replies were changeable and contradictory. It is pretty clear that here he had more humility than a good many artists have had; he conceived excellence in writing and the working out of a philosophy as matters of great difficulty. He was on guard against the great decisions. Out of modesty, perhaps; if he had known he was so highly thought of (he said at the time of his first success) he would have tried to write better. He was found transcribing pages of Tolstoy and Turgenev in a conscientious attempt to improve. We must think of Chekhov as an energy, a fire that burns up whatever comes its way, with a drastic gaiety, and which in the end burns itself out.

Such is the impression left by reading Mr. Magarshack's new *Life*. The publication of a large number of Chekhov's own letters, the letters of his family and the reminiscences of his wife and his friends, has now made it possible to see this life in immense lively detail, for Chekhov had the Russian gift for pointing the throw-away hours of life. We know every wasted day, every cough, every laugh, every mock groan about people. Mr. Magarshack's new biography is really comprehensive and deeply interesting. He has been helped by Chekhov's absurd spontaneity: how, to cure a woman of loving him, he said he was cleaning off the tear stains she had left on his jacket with benzine; how, in loneliness, he said, he wished he was the rat under the board in Olga Knipper's dressing room. Consistency and solemnity he abhorred. Fantasy was at his finger-tips; a story was in every thought. Few letter-writers have been so effervescent. The only criticism I have to make of Mr. Magarshack's biography is that it wanders, is almost submerged in detail and that on the subject of Chekhov's work it is dry. A more revealing account of that, especially in Chekhov's little known early years as a popular comic writer and a scandalous columnist will be found in Mr. Robert Hingley's *Life* published a year or so ago. The kind of thing the young Chekhov turned out in order to support his mother, father and brothers—"the benignant tumour in his life"—can be illustrated by this passage which I take from Mr. Hingley's book:

> Here is a piece of news as pleasant as yesterday's vinegar stew or a chronic cold in the head. Boleslav Markevich is dramatising his long, fat, tedious ink blot, his *Abyss*. As if this daub hadn't already taken up enough newspaper space he's decided to put it on the stage. Spare us, Boleslav Markevich.

It was, he knew, the paragraph of a hungry scoundrel: "but it's only temporary. I shan't die as one. All I get out of my writing is a nervous twitch."

Where Mr. Magarshack excels is in his picture of Chekhov's family and his account of their effect on him. The impenetrability of Chekhov, the reserve which took the form of comic mystification about his life, can undoubtedly be traced to his secrecy about his illness and the despotic brutality of his father when he was a child. The wretched bullying shopkeeper who beat his children daily was, by nature, a frustrated artist himself. He got up concerts instead of attending to his business. If the father was a despot, we have to remember that *his* father had been a serf who had bought his freedom. Such efforts are not made without a pitiable self-injury. Chekhov was the hardened younger son who, when he grew up, found that he had to keep the bully and the whole family. They illustrate the old theory that it takes three generations for a rising family to produce an artist. Yet, his intelligent elder brothers—one a journalist and the other a painter—lacked that will and energy, the "ice cold" quality Chekhov always extolled, which could finally quash the last trace of the "slave" in a family that has painfully risen. The brothers became alcoholics. One of the most instructive and amusing sidelights on the inner hardness in Chekhov's character, is thrown by one of those family scenes, when the boy of 19 came to Moscow and assumed command. He dressed them all down for their good, and was as severe a tyrant as the father had been. "I am afraid of nothing and I should like to advise my brothers to be the same," he wrote in a rage at the time. The prig inspired awe because he could not only rule, but could drink vodka, hang about the cabarets, keep everyone in fits of laughter, study for his medical examinations and, in between, knock off two or three sketches for the papers a night. In five years he wrote 600 "stories." His knowingness is really anxiety. He knew exactly what he was doing. These pieces were mostly highly-spiced newspaper pickle but, as Mr. Magarshack says, the comic papers taught Chekhov to draw from life. To this period belongs one of those many items of literary advice which Chekhov was apt to give throughout his life. In a very young writer of cheap stuff for the papers, it is astonishingly mature: perhaps because of popular journalism, perhaps by nature, Chekhov seems to have skipped the sick period so many young writers go through. The advice is addressed—no doubt with special hectoring zest—to his elder brother who had gone into journalism ahead of him:

> Subjectivity is a dangerous thing. It is bad because it gives the poor author so completely away. But for this subjectivity of yours, you would have been a useful artist. . . . And yet all you have to do is to be honest with yourself; throw your own personality overboard, don't make yourself into a hero of your own story, renounce yourself for at least half an hour. You have a story in which a newly married couple go on kissing each other all through dinner. . . . If only you had taken the trouble to describe the dinner, to show us how they are, what they are, what the cook is like, how vulgar your hero and heroine were, how absurd she was with her love of that well-fed, greedy ass.

Very early Chekhov showed his impulse to get behind appearances, as this advice shows, and he was fortunate in working for a popular press which, lacking political freedom, made up for it by presenting ordinary life with few conventional restraints. For the artist political censorship had, as Mr. Magarshack says, this unexpected compensation.

Chekhov was rescued from the scoundrel's life by Suvorin, the rich reactionary publisher. He began to write well, to grow as a person and to mature when he wrote only a few stories every year. This is one of the convincing examples of interested patronage in literature. It could have failed if Chekhov's habits of work had not been strongly established, and if he had not been a man of character. On the face of it, he ought to have abandoned his family. But the engine that drove his genius was the mania for responsibility: his house was always full, his patients were treated for nothing: "I have to write because I can make nothing from medicine"—and then, years of poverty are a bad preparation for financial prudence. He liked travelling, he liked champagne, he liked new houses. Chekhov is always screaming about his debts, but he evaded the error common among literary men: he made the indispensable break with his early environment but he did not break with life and enter the Narcissistic suburbs of literature. He wrote the following words about his family which (he said) "he always carried about with him so that it would not interfere." To his brother who wanted to plant his children on him, he said:

> You know that I have a whole multitude of grown-up people living under the same roof with me. Because of some inexplicable set of circumstances we don't find it possible to separate: mother; sister; Michael who won't leave till he has finished his university course; Nicholas who is doing nothing and who has been jilted by his lady love and is always drunk and walking about in rags; auntie and Alexey who live with us rent free; Ivan who spends all his time here from three in the afternoon till late at night . . . and father. All of them extremely nice and cheerful people but vain and full of themselves, always talking, stamping their feet, and with never a penny in their pocket.

On him depended, as he said, "a whole order." It was possibly his concern with his responsibility that kept him from mentioning his fatal disease and even, perhaps, from admitting it to himself.

The material of this book is rich, for it incidentally provides a picture of Russian life. Beguiled by that panorama in Chekhov's work, many readers (Mr. Magarshack thinks) have failed to notice the impulse behind it. But conscience and

* *Chekhov, A Life.* By DAVID MAGARSHACK. *Faber.*

indignation were, one surmises, qualities which Chekhov felt we all had (as he had them) in reserve, latent, ready. We may wish to suffocate them, but we at once lose the power to do so when we are told the truth. The artist dissolves us. What was required of the artist was to "awaken in the reader a realisation of the cruelties and injustices of his own life by evoking in him the same feelings, both good and bad, that animated the characters in a story or play."

V. S. PRITCHETT

WORLD'S END

Two roads run to the river, where the tide
Returns again, past brick and London Pride,
To try the buoys, the barges and the bridges.
The sky is green. Above the mud, the midges
Jitter. Pulse of dynamos, and smoke
Disturb the languid air. Four chimneys poke

Behind Lot's Road. Close too, the long chains pull
And sewage smells. The tide at length is full.
Above the creak of hulks, the skirl of gulls
Comes mingled with a distant peal of bells.

The force of day is spent. The river police
Rule waves beneath the swans: a gleam of fleece
When all in turn, with wringings of the neck,
Put round to follow in their leader's wake,
Somnavigant like wraiths. A crimson stain
Cuts their reflections short. And once again

All vivid dies the sun, too fast to trace—
The Turners fade: the Whistlers take their place,
The water fills with intermittent stars.
One notes the noisy brilliance of the bars:
The public with its half of half-and-half,
The private with the stout. Ah, what a laugh

Among the gins and limes in the saloon!
A lost week-end? It will be Sunday soon.
At their convenience, checked and tied and capped
The young men loiter with their partners rapt.
Here the Salvation Army takes its brass,
Before the World's End, where the Elevens pass.

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

THE INWARD EYE

There was a boy: you, Berlin, nursed him,
incipient fancy was your gift
and anchorage against the drift
of global currents; you rehearsed him
for happy childhood; turned and left
him, *temperamentvoll* suddenly
him of all your goods bereft
and inward turned his eye.

You, Stockholm, versed him
in the language of the deft
spirit: prayer and grace; and swiftly sure with guilt and conscience cursed him;
taught him fear, and "if't
were done when 'tis done" his soul subtly
with doubt and joy at once you cleft
and inward turned his eye.

You, London, hearsed him,
though he saw angels in your weft
of smoke and streets, and he could sift
out gods and giants; you reversed 'em,
puppet-strings or flesh as soft
as flesh disclosing, papery
images which blew adrift—
and inward turned his eye.

After twenty summers doffed
he clings and sighs and pities me,
for he renounced—I sigh and drift—
and inward turned his eye.

FRANK LISSAUER

THE DEVIL CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS

Hitler — A Study in Tyranny. By ALAN BULLOCK. *Odhams.* 25*s.*

The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy. By J. L. TALMON. *Secker & Warburg.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

Hitler—A Study in Tyranny will remain a standard work for many years. True, in dealing with the period up to the seizure of power, Mr. Bullock has added little to the picture painted by Heiden and Rauschning; but for the years from 1933 to 1945 he has been able to use the enormous mass of material collected for the Nuremberg trials in order to reconstruct the inside story, first, of the cold war, and then of the hot war which Hitler launched. He tells us exactly what Hitler did. Where he has failed, however, is in his explanation of why he did it.

Mr. Bullock's study should at least dissipate the vulgar illusion that Hitlerism was closely related to Russian Communism. True enough, Stalin, like Hitler, is a totalitarian dictator. But to see how profoundly the policies of Nazi Germany and Russia differed we have only to examine their attitudes to war. Stalin, who believes in the inevitability of world Communism, regards the use of force as the *ultima ratio*, and prefers to see his aims realised by other means. Hitler saw that without physical conquest the Aryan elite could not rule over the Slavs and the rest of the sub-human masses. War—and the extermination camps—in fact, were an essential stage in the creation of his New Order. What resemblance is there here to Stalin's theory—or to his practice?

The belief that Hitlerism and Communism must be akin because both menace Western democracy is attacked from quite a different angle in *The Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*. Mr. Talmon's aim is to show that Communism—which he correctly describes as totalitarian democracy—is an integral part of the Western rational tradition, and he traces its conceptual origins to the French Revolution and, in particular, to Rousseau's doctrine of the General Will, as applied by Robespierre. Most of his book consists of an academic thesis which is of little interest to the general reader. But the twelve pages of Introduction, in which the thesis is first stated, are a brilliant piece of exposition. In particular, the vital difference between Left-wing and Right-wing totalitarianism is succinctly stated. Whereas the Communist dictatorship still accepts in its theory the primacy of the individual personality, Hitlerism submerged the personality in the collective entity of the race, and denied the two ideals which link Communism to the Western tradition, the universality of human values and the perfectibility of man.

Mr. Bullock, I suspect, would brush aside Mr. Talmon's distinction between the two totalitarianisms because he believes that dictators are not influenced by "abstract ideas." What matters to him are the brute facts of tyranny, not its rationalisations. Indeed, the theme of his study is that Hitler was driven by one motive only, a desire for unlimited power, and that he was ready to sacrifice every principle of National Socialism in order to satisfy a tyrant's greed.

The trouble about this "explanation" is that it leaves nearly everything unexplained. Hitler desired power not merely for the sake of the pleasure which its exercise gives, but for the possibility it provided of reshaping the world in accordance with Nazi principles and ideals. It is certainly true that he enjoyed wielding supreme power. But the story Mr. Bullock tells makes it clear enough that this was not the *only* motive which carried the obscure despatch rider of 1918 to a position of imperial power greater even than Napoleon's. The Third Reich, racial purity, *Volksgemeinschaft*, *Blut und Boden*—these were not merely propaganda concepts which Hitler preached in order to dupe the Germans into accepting him as dictator, and the crusade against Bolshevism was not *merely* the secret weapon with which he undermined Western resistance to his plans. On the contrary, Hitler was a man with (Nazi) ideals, who believed his own propaganda; and his determination to make this monstrous myth a reality was the cause both of his victories and of his ultimate destruction. He was not unprincipled. On the contrary, he had a creed and a morality, but both were wicked. The devil can not only quote Scripture, he can move mountains, too. Unless we accept the idea that evil is a positive force and that men can will evil, Hitler will remain an enigma of history.

The trouble about Mr. Bullock is that he is too nice an Englishman to understand a bad German. Assuming that all idealists are good and all politicians pragmatists—men who desire concrete ends and leave speculation to the schools—he has told us the facts about Hitler. But the portrait is unconvincing, because it is a translation into English of a Faustian phenomenon. To make sense of the man who captured power in order to shape the world into conformity with a wicked ideal, he suggests that he was merely an unprincipled adventurer who used the myth of National Socialism in order to build an empire. In fact he was something much worse, the crafty servant of the myth, not its clever master.

How far from German reality Mr. Bullock's common sense has carried him is indicated by his treatment of the Nazi State and the Nazi ideology. When he reaches the year 1933, he observes:

> It does not lie within the scope of this study to present a picture of the totalitarian system in Germany. . . . Hitler bore the final responsibility for whatever was done by the regime, and, once he had stabilized his power, he showed comparatively little interest in what was done by his Ministers except to lay down general lines of policy.

With this excuse Mr. Bullock, in treating the years 1933 to 1945, concentrates exclusively on foreign policy and strategy. But just as Hitler was the personification of National Socialism, so Nazi Germany was the expression of his personality—his supreme work of bad art. It never seems to occur to Mr. Bullock to ask why, if the Fuehrer had merely been the power addict he describes, the German people went on dying for him months after defeat was certain. The greatest triumph of Hitler as a false prophet was that he retained the loyalty of a highly educated nation under trials to which no democracy has ever been submitted, and long after he himself had lost his grip. This was only possible because his personality and the Hitlerite State were both expressions of what is evil in the German character.

This State, moreover, was carefully constructed according to the principles of an all-emphasising "philosophy." This philosophy, as Mr. Talmon has discovered, was the strict antithesis of Communism, a systematic denial of all universal principles and of individual freedom. Mr. Bullock fails to analyse the Nazi *Weltanschauung* for the typically English reason that it was a farrago of nonsense. In reality it was wicked sense and the fact that its prophets were false prophets does not affect their influence on German history. It is significant that, in his lengthy bibliography, Mr. Bullock does not list the names of Moeller Vander Bruck, Houston Stewart Chamberlain and Gobineau, or mention writers such as Junge, Grimm and von Salomon, who helped to create the mental climate in which Hitlerism flourished. To dismiss them as "second-rate" is like leaving Marxism out of a biography of Stalin, on the ground that it is "untrue."

Mr. Bullock's neglect of Nazi *Weltanschauung* and institutions leads him to underestimate the Fuehrer's sheer wickedness and to overestimate his sagacity. We are repeatedly told about the brilliant political sense he displayed in his dealings both with the Weimar politicians and with the Western democrats, and it is suggested that his decline after 1941 was due to his failing powers. I can see little evidence for this view. Throughout his life Hitler despised objectivity, distorted facts to suit his theories and always employed the same diabolic techniques of power. For a time he had luck: his dogmatic myth fitted the facts, and he was hailed as brilliant. Then history turned against him, and the intuitions which had once brought victory now dragged him to destruction.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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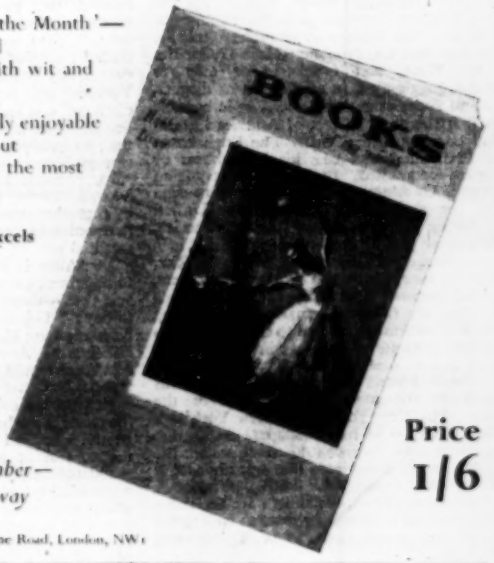

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SECKER & WARBURG

THE FABULOUS WEST

Incredible New York. By LLOYD MORRIS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

The Big Change. By FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

In the preface to his new book on the history of social change in America during the past half-century, Mr. F. L. Allen remarks that "the mental picture of the United States that the average European carries about him is lamentably irrelevant to the real United States of to-day." If this is so, then it has always been so, for the United States were founded with the intention of being as little like Europe as possible. Once, it was the East that was fabulous: since 1789 it has been the West; and fabulous not only to Europeans goggle-eyed in admiration or disgust, but also to Americans themselves. It is because of this that the great subject of American literature has been—America itself. The Englishman or the Frenchman can take his Englishness or Frenchness for granted. But what precisely is an American? Or America? The questions re-echo through the poetry and fiction of the United States during the past eighty years. America, Mr. MacLeish has assured us, is promises; it is also Scott Fitzgerald's diamond as big as the Ritz, and also the jungle in which Dreiser's financiers, titans and geniuses uncouthly disported themselves. And the fabulous remains as fascinating as ever, both to Americans and to us. These two new books continue the endless investigation of its nature and its meaning.

Mr. Lloyd Morris explores the fabulous as expressed in the most fabulous city of the Republic. His New York is the New York that has been mirrored in its newspapers during the past hundred years, and what he describes are the events, the public behaviour, that were hot news at the time they occurred. Public behaviour: that is his chosen province; and to see the scene in depth it would be necessary to go as well to the fiction relevant to the scene, to W. D. Howells, James's *Washington Square*, Mrs. Wharton, O. Henry and Fitzgerald. Mr. Morris's heroes and villains are the public heroes and villains, Commodore Vanderbilt, an assortment of Astors, Harry Lehr, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Vernon and Irene Castle, Mayor Walker, Frank Costello, a whole proliferation of ruthless millionaires and their refined ladies, crooked politicians, public entertainers, restaurateurs and brothelkeepers. As Mr. Morris depicts it, the history of New York appears as a continually changing but always gargantuan extravaganza. Society, for all it was self-created, was more formal than elsewhere, and given to more prodigal displays of "conspicuous waste"; riots were bigger and bloodier; poverty blacker; self-indulgence more self-indulgent. If ever a city has needed a Ben Jonson it is New York, for only he could have done it justice. The diamond, one feels, was always as big as the Ritz; but the Ritz kept growing: in considerably less than a century it shot up from eight to a hundred storeys high.

Mr. Morris has written a most entertaining book, admirably produced and lavishly illustrated by reproductions of drawings and photographs so harmoniously matched to the text as to be an essential part of it.

Mr. Allen is much more solemn; he responds to the fabulous with an engaging mixture of awe and enthusiasm. He announces, of America to-day: "This is something new; there has never been anything like it before." And what is new? Briefly, the American economic system, which Mr. Allen would like to call, if only he could think of one, by some other word than capitalism, for capitalism has evil associations. And wherein do the changes in the American economic system lie? In the increased part played by Government in the control of industry; in the existence of a graduated income tax; and in the greater social responsibility of the big corporations. These, allied to mass-production techniques and the power of advertising, have given the American people the highest living standard in the world. Mr. Allen, it will be seen, leans heavily on *Fortune's* publication *U.S.A., The Permanent Revolution*. A good deal of what he considers new will not seem so to English readers, for example, that American business men now take an important part in public life. He instances the virtuous banker of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, who among other things is secretary of the local college, chairman of the Health Council, "and a money raiser for St. Luke's Hospital, the local symphony, and the amateur theatre." A critical attitude is not Mr. Allen's strong point, but he has a liberal mind and he is right to be awed. "There has never been anything like it before": in a way, it's the oldest news about America we've ever had, but so long as it remains true America will remain fabulous.

WALTER ALLEN.

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The Fugitive Art. By T. C. WORSLEY. *Lehmann.* 18*s.*

Much of to-day's dramatic criticism has served its purpose when it has satisfied the general curiosity to know what the latest play is about. It is likely on disinterment from the files to make a desolating effect of scrappiness. Mr. Worsley has more space at his disposal than most of his colleagues, and it is usually possible for him to devote the greater part of it to the detailed discussion of a single theatrical occasion. This gives him an enviable advantage when he comes to reprint his work, but it is not simply because his weekly criticisms are essays that they reprint well. They make a book of permanent value because they possess an inner consistency, a firmly held viewpoint which is the more clearly recognizable when they are presented as the record of a period.

The viewpoint? It is that of an enthusiastic theatre-goer with the literary bias rather strongly developed. Mr. Worsley's enthusiasm for the theatre is as little to be doubted as the distinctly bookish turn of his mind. He genuinely relishes a more direct emotional excitement than a novel or a short story can release in the reader. The fiction which is bodied forth on the stage by flesh-and-blood actors comes at the spectator, as he gleefully notes, "whole, and all in a lump, and immensely larger than life." It is the eagerness of his response to this crudely vital stimulus—and the acuteness of his disappointment when no pleasurable response is possible—that makes him a good theatre-goer, capable of emitting cries of delight, groans of anguish and even hisses of rage. There is nothing inhibitedly dry in his immediate reactions to the stage; but in analysing the quality of the emotions he has experienced he instinctively applies to the dramatic fiction the same high standards ("though naturally not the same criteria") that he is accustomed to apply to other forms of literature.

He justifies his attitude by maintaining that only when the theatre sets itself these same standards and welcomes criticism on the appropriate level can it expect to be taken seriously. He is perhaps yielding a little too easily to his natural bias when he allows himself to believe that closer contact between the literary and the theatrical worlds would produce many more good new plays. The chief links between these worlds at present are Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Christopher Fry, and no doubt the more of such links there are the better for all concerned, and yet—the good novelist's play is too often only another bad play. One suspects that the established writer who leaves the theatre alone is more likely to be aware of a lack in himself of the dramatic instinct than scornful of the medium or indifferent to the financial possibilities of "the unholy trade." Mr. Worsley is on solid ground, however, when he points to the growing cleavage between artists of the theatre and their critics, and suggests that those engaged in the most co-operative of the arts are misguided in their tendency to resent the detachment of their critics. The danger of criticism which comes too much from inside the theatre is, as he says, that it tends to treat the theatre as a spoiled darling whose weaknesses ought to be indulged. We have, in fact, come to a curious pass. "Who are the (literary) critics?" Disraeli asked: "They are the men who have failed in literature." But when actors, producers and even authors nowadays ask who are the dramatic critics, it has become a matter of reproach that they are the men who have not failed in the theatre and who, lacking this salutary experience, are unable to tell at whose door, that of actor, producer or author, they should lay their praise or blame. Mr. Worsley makes no pretence of knowing what has gone on behind the scenes. He looks at the theatre with the healthy detachment of a consumer of art representing the interests of potential consumers; and he uses his own quite separate art to render his impressions as vividly as possible.

The advantages of this detachment appear in the just perspective into which his picture of a period falls. He is conscious all the while of dealing with the first faint reactions against the Drama of the Domestic Interior, as much the type setting for naturalistic characters as the outside of a temple for the Greek hero and a court for the Elizabethan prince. This is a phase of drama which began, he surmises, at some moment during the Seventies or Eighties, when an actor, perhaps Parisian, for the first time spoke his lines with his back to the audience. It has been a long and illustrious phase, but now it is visibly ending. Mr. Worsley regards Pirandello (whose neglect on this country he stamps as provincial) as at least as important a rebel against naturalism as the new poet-dramatists. His attitude to Mr. Fry and Mr. Eliot is hopeful, but well this side idolatry. Perhaps in thinking that the theatre at the time of *The Cocktail Party* was ready to accept a poetic drama which did not compromise itself with the drawing-room comedy convention, he is not taking sufficiently into account Mr. Eliot's own highly personal and deliberate approach to a mastery of the dramatic medium. If there is anything in this point, Mr. Worsley's failure to make it is uncharacteristic. Certainly when it comes to acting

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NEW NOVELS

Search for a Hero. By THOMAS HAL PHILLIPS. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Who Walk in Darkness. By CHANDLER BROSSARD. *Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Weather in Middenshot. By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dwelly Lane. By F. V. MORLEY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

"Nutty as a fruitcake," says one of Mr. Phillips's characters of another, and the phrase, it turns out, is not a bad description of his book. For that matter it describes the other three novels under review as well. Their nuttiness is of different kinds, but a strain of nuttiness is what they have in common.

In *Search for a Hero* this strain does nothing to obscure the author's talent. It is in fact a direct and essential manifestation of it. In Mr. Phillips's case it is even possible to go further, for he writes as a Southerner about the Southern States, and his dottiness is a fine old Rebel dottiness shared by his two gifted fellow-Southerners Miss Eudora Welty and Miss Carson McCullers. In what Dixieland nostalgia, in what Confederate pecan groves, in what blinding noon-day Main Streets, is this manner bred? It is quintessentially American, yet how far removed from the Creative Writing assembly belt products of the North! Yet Mr. Phillips has perhaps learned something from Yankee efficiency, for he manages, after all, to tell a story with a kind of concealed competence, so that while you are enjoying the flavour of his prose, the sharpness of his literary personality, you are being led gently through a surprisingly solid and well-organised meal. The organisation is based upon the Youngest Brother legend. Don Dearing is the youngest of three brothers, Wallace and William being football stars, while he is a non-athletic intellectual. It is the father of this family—convincing both as a generalised Father Figure and as a very lively and salty individual—who, by his anxiety to make heroes of his sons, drives Don into the Navy. He is eventually sent abroad, wounded, and invalided home, where, as he finds, the search for a hero has its real significance.

Search for a Hero is an odd, serious and enjoyable novel which gives off a strong smell of talent. The author is at his best when his characters are at home, but his account of Navy life rings true, is unassuming, sometimes funny and occasionally moving. And Don's girl, Meb, who is half-French, and who in the end kills herself when Don is wrongly reported dead, gives a strong impression of personality, the personality of an unusual and talented girl. Altogether this is a work of truly creative nuttiness.

Mr. Brossard's nuttiness appears to derive more from his material than from the cast of his mind. He deals with the people who compose a number of interlacing circles in contemporary New York, but whatever else his characters are they are also recognisably the latest descendants of Murger's original Bohemians. On the way they have been processed by various agencies; art and personal relations still figure prominently among their interests, but these characteristic interests now include jazz, sport, and marijuana. Was it Mr. Hemingway in *Fiesta* or du Maurier in *Trilby* who added boxing to the characteristic Bohemian interests? Mr. Hemingway, whether he is responsible for the boxing interest in *Who Walk in Darkness*, at any rate stands behind it as a solid body stands behind its shadow. The characters behave with the same elaborate pointlessness as the characters in *Fiesta*, display the same awareness of the Nothingness-at-the-centre-of-things which marks the Hemingway aristocracy. As a consequence they talk with the same voices:

> "What do you believe in, Blake?" Hyman asked me.
>
> "Not an awful lot."
>
> "Don't you have any sort of religion?"
>
> I thought about it before answering him. He watched me, drawing on his cigarette.
>
> "I believe in eating and sleeping and sometimes I believe in myself," I said.

Yet as well as its echoes, its irritations and affectations, *Who Walk in Darkness* has its virtues: the characters are subtly yet strongly presented, many of the incidents are vivid, and the book as a whole is intelligent, curiously alive and in the end extremely sympathetic.

Mr. Mittelholzer's nuttiness appears as being conscious and experimental, although as I happen to have missed his previous novels, which have been greatly admired, I cannot say to what extent it is a new element in his work. The principal character in *The Weather in Middenshot* is, in fact, the wind, the snow, and the fog; after that comes Mr. Farrow, a dubious old person with a very trying obsession (he likes his daughter to read to him about Belsen and similar subjects) and a delusion that his wife is dead and that she materialises only during séances. Middenshot is in the neighbourhood of Broadmoor, and the appearance on the scene of two homicidal maniacs involves us in lengthy discussions of the view, which the author appears to have close to his heart, that such people should be killed. The discussion, however, is shallow and naive where it is not tediously obscure, and it would be easy enough to be mistaken about the whole thing. There is some good "atmosphere" in *The Weather in Middenshot*, and it possesses a necrophilous craziness which cries out for illustrations by Mr. Charles Addams; but on the whole the most appropriate verdict is that it is an unsuccessful experiment by a writer whose reputation will sustain a failure without serious damage.

Dwelly Lane differs from these three novels by not asking—or perhaps even more by contemptuously refusing—to be taken seriously. A man is found dead in a double bass violin in a country lane, and we are launched in what might be called an anti-detective story. "Who cares," as Mr. Edmund Wilson asked, "who killed Roger Ackroyd?", and Mr. Morley shares this grand indifference. Ingenious, entertaining in a manner sometimes donnish and sometimes obstreperous, Mr. Morley's fruit-cake is consistently nutty, but perhaps a little over-rich and over-large for a single baking.

J. D. SCOTT.

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Poems 1950-1951. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. *Hand & Flower Press.* 1*s.*

If there is anything definite enough to be called a "new direction" among younger poets, Mr. Kirkup and Mr. King, I think, exemplify it. In relation to the great experimental poets of the earlier part of this century, it is, like Waller in relation to Donne, a new smoothness. Mr. Kirkup and Mr. King are refined, lucid, and correct; they are not always concise, and not always forceful. One does not feel that poems are forced out of Mr. Kirkup; he looks around for themes, and some of these are slight as well as occasional. Mr. King's is more of a "poetry" world, and unlike Mr. Kirkup, who can construct verse around a picture by Claude, a market in Leeds, or an operating theatre, he is content to exercise his more slender but sometimes purer talent on the great traditional commonplaces: the gloom or joy of the seasons, the "mutual torments" of love, beautiful indifferent nature and lonely agonised man. The language of both these young poets is literary rather than colloquial, but by no means gaudy. Both have a taste, until recently unfashionable, for the adjective; and neither is afraid of a faint redundancy:

> Or naked breast that thus *gleams luminous* . . .
> With *dim* flambeaux that *barely light* the gloom . . .

Thus, though the texture of their verse is always pleasing, neither of them offers us very many gripping concentrations of words. They suggest a formula for younger writers, by which tidy poems can certainly be written, but perhaps with too much ease. Compared both to the polish of their verses, and to a certain vapidity that sometimes accompanies that, the experiment and exploration, the tense complicated strength, of the poetry one grew up with seems to belong to a "giant race before the Flood."

There may, however, be a real case for a new Augustanism; and after these nigglings let us try to be fair. Here, from Mr. King, is an impeccable short lyric, an obvious anthology piece, but not amenable, I think, to the hostile analysis to which Mr. Graves has subjected *Cargoes* and *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*. Within the convention of the pathetic fallacy, and as a kind of footnote to the *Ode to the West Wind*, it is a perfectly self-consistent poem:

> Birds on the autumn sand
> Are motionless as I,
> The dead leaf in my hand
> Has lost all will to fly:
> I am the shore where birds and leaves reposing lie.
>
> Till at some faint alarm
> Of wind or voice it heaves
> To throw away its calm,
> And the bruised mind receives
> Its longing back as sky its driven birds and leaves.

That is word-perfect; it is also, I think, besides being Mr. King's shortest poem, the only one in

his book which *is* word-perfect, but even so it is enough to suggest that within a narrow range he is a poet of very great promise.

Mr. Kirkup does not lend himself to this kind of illustration. His poems are more even, as compared with each other, and more uneven, individually within themselves. A poem on the Chelsea Embankment has an image as precise as this for moving streaks of reflected light on the night water :

> and like long,
> Electric eels the silent traffic lazed from bank to bank.

Yet it relapses, in the last stanza, into a vocabulary of emotive blank cheques, which we can honour, or not, as we want to: *nocturnal wandering, enchantment, ghosts, visions.* His most ambitious poem, the title one, is an account of a heart operation in a Leeds hospital. Here, again, there is a combination of precise observation,

> Beneath,
> The pink, black-mottled lung like a revolted creature heaves,
> Collapses,

of brilliant metaphor,

> A garland of flowers unfurls across the painted flesh,

and of failure to achieve equally impressive general statement :

> Using the purest kind of wit, a balance of belief and art,
> You with a curious nervous elegance laid bare
> The root of life, and put your finger on its beating heart.

Of course, the surgeon addressed literally *did* put his finger on a beating heart, and that is clever; but the cleverness cannot rob the literary critic's clichés, the "wit" and "balance" and "curious nervous elegance," of their pretentious quality; if there is irony in their use, it is not quite thorough-going enough. Yet Mr. Kirkup is certainly an interesting, fertile, and ambitious poet.

With something of the correctness of Mr. Kirkup and Mr. King, Mr. John Wain has also a quality they lack: one might call it a kind of masculine tautness of intellect. He is much influenced by Mr. Empson, but not in the direction of obscurity; one feels rather in his work Mr. Empson's unwillingness to say more than he means or express more than he feels, whereas with both Mr. Kirkup and Mr. King one feels that they are often making rhetorically the most of what may have been a rather indefinite stimulus. These lines of Mr. Wain's, for instance, have strength in reserve :

> I hope to feel some pity when the knife
> Plunges at last into the world's sick heart
> And stills its pounding and its seething strife :
>
> Mainly for those who never got a start ;
> The painter with his colours in his head,
> The actor hoping for a speaking part,
>
> The young who leave their proper words unsaid.

Part of that also suggests the literary critic's vocabulary: but not, and this is the point, the literary critic's clichés.

Mr. Reeves is a good and careful poet along the lines of the "main English tradition" as for instance, poets like Mr. Graves, Mr. Muir and Mr. Blunden understand it. There is something in particular, in his work, of Mr. Graves's wry toughness :

> Painful it is to keep such secrets secret,
> And yet to whom and how communicate ?
> Fool, knave and harlot recognise the prophet
> Only with head presented on a plate.

There is something also of Mr. Graves's wry pathos; I found peculiarly and intimately and painfully moving the poem called *The Little Brother*, about the small boy who is teased by his sisters, and thinks he hates them, but later

> As with his wounded life he goes alone
> To the world's end, where even tears freeze,
> He will in bitter memory and remorse
> Hear the lost sisters innocently tease.

It is quite true that we find ourselves looking back nostalgically on periods in our life which, when we lived through them, we thought frustrated and unhappy. This kind of truth, the deeper truth of fairy stories and children's fancies, Mr. Reeves is very subtly aware of. He is what is called a "quiet" poet—tight and exact in his forms, moderate in the emotions he expresses, though not in the emotions he implies—but there are times when we can find more refreshment in "quiet" poets than in "noisy" ones. I hope his new book will be widely read.

Mr. Hamburger, who is such an admirable translator, does not seem quite to have found himself as a poet. One has a sense of his conscientiously doing over again what has been done already :

> The anatomical twigs declare
> That beauty is bare . . .
> Breath of autumn hangs in the air,
> Acrid, harsh with decay . . .

It can all bear saying again no doubt (nature is a mass of fertile commonplaces) but in the tone of voice, the verse construction, I do not think Mr. Hamburger has yet moved far enough away from his mentors: in his longer poems I sometimes feel him ghosting for the ghost of Yeats; where his own way of saying things, which he has still to find, would be more subdued and more obviously human.

G. S. FRASER

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answer. But you must read them in the right order.

Edward Young was the first reserve officer to command a British submarine, and he tells of his experiences with a modesty and directness of style which are immediately convincing. Above all he explains in simple language exactly how a submarine works; after which we hear about early training, then patrols in the North Sea and the Arctic, and a miraculous escape from H.M.S. *Umpire* when she was sunk in collision. He also describes a counter-attack with depth-charges and the eerie sensation of being hunted by Asdic . . . "a faint, slow, regular knocking, as though someone was tapping gently on the hull. . . . It was like being shut up in a dark room with a blind maniac reaching out sinister fingers to find you."

Next comes a year in the Mediterranean, and finally a voyage to the Far East in command of H.M.S. *Storm*, whose adventures in the Bay of Bengal and off the coasts of Malaya and Sumatra occupy more than half the book. They deserve to. There are gun-actions against merchantmen and sub-chasers; the torpedoing of a Japanese destroyer; a disastrous attempt to land agents on the island of Pulo Weh; and, as though that weren't enough, a cruise through the Mergui Archipelago during which she enters an enemy harbour in broad daylight to attack two patrol vessels at point-blank range on the surface.

The author describes all this without histrionics yet with considerable feeling, and finds time as well for some fine stretches of imaginative writing. Notably a description of porpoises, seen at close quarters under water through a submarine's periscope, and an occasion in the tropics when ". . . all day we ploughed through a sea of shining glass in which sleepy whales lay below the surface like water-logged hulks."

Altogether we get a picture of fierce but picturesque warfare waged by brave men, and at the end of the story we are in exactly the right frame of mind to begin on the next: we know what a submarine *must* do and what she *cannot* do, as well as some of the feelings of her crew while she's doing it. So when, in *U-Boat* 977, Heinz Schaeffer describes how, after watching a stricken ship founder, they ". . . put on some gramophone records and listen to the old tunes that remind us of home," we may be shocked, but not at Germans in particular, because we have been prepared for something of the sort by an almost identical incident in Edward Young's book, which ends with ". . . . the sinking of our first victim acted as a tonic to our spirits, and all was cheerful in the messes as we sat down to our evening meal."

If anything, Heinz Schaeffer's book is the more dramatic of the two. Not because it is better written, but simply because the scale and intensity of the battle he describes are beyond anything which our own submariners could ever have experienced—whole packs of U-boats ripping into convoys of 50 to 70 merchantmen . . . "ships breaking up . . . S.O.S. calls . . . dark water and the starry blaze of oil . . . more U-boats . . . still more explosions . . ." One such convoy is annihilated in spite of devastating counter-attacks by the escorts, against which the only defence was to go deep—deeper than was safe—and lie there with bulkheads cracking and nerves at breaking point. For an hour or two? No, for six . . . twelve . . . sixteen hours on end, while the depth-charges rained down continuously. Then surface, chase and attack again. The courage of these men was inhuman. But they never discovered a fully effective defence against radar, and in consequence their losses were catastrophic. 640 of the 720 U-boats at sea were sunk, and out of the 40,000 men who manned them 30,000 lost their lives. Yet still the rest fought on with a sort of gloomy, half-stupefied ferocity.

U-Boat 977 is a remarkable book and one that should be widely read. It gives a most convincing account of what it actually felt like and looked like to be behind a periscope in the Battle of the Atlantic. Here and there, too, it reveals German character in a way that no treatise on the subject ever could. But in order to appreciate this second revelation you must first have read *One of Our Submarines*; you will then be in a position to distinguish between sentiments and actions which are common to all submariners and those (like the death of an unpopular doctor through rough handling, followed by regrets reminiscent of Lennie's in *Of Mice and Men*) which are peculiarly, perhaps inevitably, German.

ADRIAN SELIGMAN

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

(Concluded)

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: Piano Trio, B flat major, Op. 97 (Trio di Trieste. *§LXT 2717) I bestow the star with some reluctance, and almost solely for the sake of a really excellent recording. The Trio di Trieste display great beauty of tone, but do not seem to me to have grasped the nature of the work. There is much to be said for adopting a deliberate tempo in the first and last movements, but in that case the rhythm must be correspondingly taut: in this performance the music sounds desultory—the last thing it ought to sound. Though less well recorded, the Nixa version (*§PLP 707) is a much franker, more forthright performance. BRAHMS: String Quartet, A minor, Op. 51 No. 2 (Hollywood Qt. **§CTL 7021). An even finer and better recorded performance than that of the First Quartet, reviewed in September. ARRIAGA: String Quartets Nos. 1, D minor, and 2, A major (Guilet Qt. Nixa **§CLP 1068). Discophiles are urged on no account to neglect this fascinating record. Juan Cristosomo Arriaga was a Spaniard who was born at Bilbao in 1806, studied in Paris and died in 1826, leaving a number of compositions. On the evidence of these quartets alone, Arriaga seems to have been a youth of genius. The style is that of early Beethoven, with hints of Weber and Schubert; but the themes have a bold, individual physiognomy that is most attractive. After this we should dearly like to hear the third quartet and the symphony. BRAHMS: Rhapsody, B minor, Op. 79, No. 1 (Giesecking. LX 1561). Though well recorded, this disc cannot be recommended: the performance is an indifferent affair—effortful, unsteady, and full of unnecessary rubato that is at variance with the stormy character of the main section of the piece. SCHOENBERG: Complete Piano Works, OPP. 11, 19, 23, 25, 33 (Else Kraus. Esquire §TW 14-001). It is a pity that the piano tone should be so consistently twangy and the surface so heavy, for although occasionally she seems to overlook the composer's dynamic markings, Miss Kraus's rendering of this weird and difficult music is authoritative. Readers are reminded that an excellent version of Op. 25 exists in a recording by Nils Viggo Bentzon (**Z 331-2, *Special Order*).

Vocal. Complete operas: HAYDN: *Orfeo ed Eurydice* (Soloists/Vienna Opera Chorus and Orch/Swarowsky. *§HLP 2029, 3 discs); MOZART: *Così fan tutte* (Stuttgart Ensemble/Dünnwald. §PLP 555, 3 discs); MOZART: *Figaro* (London/Schwarzkopf/Jurinac/Seefried/Kunz/Höngen, etc./Vienna Opera Chorus/Vienna Phil/Karajan. §33CX 1307-9); VERDI: *Rigoletto* (Peerce/Warren/Berger/Tajo, etc./Robert Shaw Chorale/RCA Victor Orch/Cellini. *§ALP 1004-6); DEBUSSY: *Pelléas et Mélisande* (Mollet/Danco/Rehfuss/Vessières/Bouvier, etc./Suisse Romande/Ansermet. **§LXT 2711-4). Hadyn's genius does not seem to have included a sense of the stage; at all events his *Orfeo* shows much less dramatic feeling than the *opere serie* of Mozart. The music is consistently beautiful, but, with the exception of a very few numbers, would fit almost any situation. But when this has been said, the work remains an extremely interesting musical experience, for the performance, though never more than adequate, is good enough to permit fairly continuous enjoyment. The best singing comes from the Orfeo (Herbert Handt), the Creonte (Alfred Poell) and the chorus, all excellent; the Eurydice (Judith Hellwig) has plenty of voice, but is unequal to the difficulties of her big aria; and as the Genio, Hedda Heusser, though neat in coloratura, makes an otherwise feeble effect. The orchestra is thoroughly euphonious and the balance good. In an unfamiliar and inaccessible opera like *Orfeo* we are prepared to accept a performance below the standard we desiderate in, say, *Così*. In the Nixa set of the latter opera the orchestral playing is outstandingly good, but the vocal ensemble is too uneven for the set as a whole to be worth more than one hearing. In an undistinguished cast the Dorabella (Hetty Plümacher), the Despina (Käthe Nentwig) and the Guglielmo (Karl Hoppe) stand out well. There was no great harm in reducing the recitatives to a minimum, but the extensive cuts in No. 13 (Sextet) and in the Finale of Act 1 are impossible to justify. Lack of pretension may excuse much; but what are we to say of the Columbia *Figaro*, on which obviously no expense was spared? I hate to be so categorical, but in my view this set is an almost total loss. To begin with, it was a bad idea to follow the example of the Glyndebourne set and omit all recitatives whatsoever, since this reduces the opera to a string of "numbers." The vocal shortcomings of this performance are an even graver matter. The ladies (especially Seefried) peck at their notes as if too refined to take proper hold of them, and the men (though on the whole better) take their cue from this disastrous misconception. Karajan adopts whirlwind tempi that rush the singers off their feet, the orchestral tone is undistinguished and the balance very variable. Of course there are good moments (*e.g.*, Schwarzkopf's "Dove sono"), but I cannot imagine choosing to sit through this performance twice. It is possible that some readers may find the HMV *Rigoletto* unworthy of a second hearing (though not equally so), and certainly the monotonous loudness and inexpressive style of the male singing is a serious disadvantage—the more so in that the balance favours the voices, which at times become very oppressive to the ear. On the other hand, the set as a whole has much to recommend it, in particular by modern standards an exquisite Gilda (Erna

Berger), some vigorous choral work, and orchestral tone that, when it is not drowned by the male voices, sounds far more authentic than does the Vienna Philharmonic in *Figaro*. I conclude that the set just scrapes a star, but enter a final protest against the pointless cut in the first verse of "Ah! veglia, o donna" (Act 1), which deprives us of Gilda's solo. As for *Pelléas*, I need only say that everything about it—soloists, orchestra, conducting, atmosphere, balance—is near perfection. The Pelléas is perhaps a little too close to the microphone for comfort, but the fault is forgotten in the overwhelming emotion created by a performance and recording that leave so little to be desired. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,186

Set by Andrew Porter

According to Chinese protocol, the recipient of a poem addressed to him or her must answer with another in the same verse form. The usual prizes are offered for such a poem addressed by Mr. W. H. to Shakespeare, Anthea to Lovelace, the Captain or Colonel or Knight-at-Arms to Milton, Fanny Brawne to Keats, the Highland Reaper to Wordsworth, Margaret to Hopkins, the Shropshire Lad to Housman, the Remote and Ineffectual Don to Belloc, the Fat White Woman to Frances Cornford. Limit 16 lines. Entries by November 25.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,183

Set by Guy Walsingham

The usual prizes are offered for the best poem (in any verse form, limit 16 lines), addressed by its owner to his existing, pre-war car, after a visit to this year's Motor Show.

Report by Guy Walsingham

A thoroughly congenial subject for the British, one couldn't help feeling. Sentimentality had full play in extolling the joys of lawful union to a '31 Austin or round-nosed Morris, in self-righteously resisting the siren charms of 1952 Jaguar and Minx —when all the time the owner couldn't afford *not* to be faithful! G. J. Blundell was an exception in facing the fact that the endearing young charmers

Involve, with all their dazzle and display,
Desire and lack of means in sharp collision:

the majority preferred to pose as magnanimous lovers, aware of faults but infinitely forgiving—

You have your maddening little ways, my love—
Your engine stalling as the lights go green,
Your cold indifference to my crank and shove . . .
K. M.

and nostalgic over trials shared—

. . . I never shall forget
How by changing down you got me up Box Hill.
D. L. L. CLARKE

It was left to Allan M. Laing to strike a really un-British note with his brutal

Mean motor, antique and outmoded,
How can I control my contempt
For thy coachwork all scarred and corroded,
For thy awful appearance unkempt?

From a large entry I recommend Lakon, Joyce Longley, P. M. and M. B. Shaw for prizes of a guinea and a half each.

I have flirted with utilities, convertibles and limousines
And supersports and coupés at the Motor Show;
I have lusted after Jaguars and Hawks and Snipes and Javelins—
But, ah! my little jallopy I love you so.
They had gadgets, hydromatics, superchargers and accessories;
They had ease and speed and comfort, shiny bonnets, smart upholsteries,
And I thought of your condition age and record—what a mess it is!
But do you think my darling I could let you go?
By Rolls-Royces, Daimlers, Bentleys, Rileys, Humbers, Armstrong-Siddeleys,
Sunbeam-Talbots, Jowetts, Wolseleys, I've lingered with the throng
By Lagondas, Austins, Alvises, Fords, Triumphs, Vauxhalls, Morrises—
A hundred thousand miles, my sweet, was that so long?
You're dirty, unreliable, tied up with wire and bits of string,
And these were so dependable; the salesmen said they'd everything.
They wouldn't book an order; I'd no cash, no hope, no anything,
Or else, my love, I'd trade you in; yes, sell you for a song!
LAKON

To GO4286

Fain would I change that car,
Which poverty has lent me;
Long, long to drive afar
In a Rolls or Bentley
Or something of that lovely sort
Now displaying at Earls Court.
Oh, what bliss
To drive a Triumph through Persepolis.

O Go, they tell the truth
Who say thou art a goner.
(Long, long past is her youth
And Age weighs hard upon her.)
But without the dollar lolly
My desires for change are folly.
My course is
To flog thy seven dying horses.
JOYCE LONGLEY

(Song sung by an owner-mechanic while tending his car after visiting the 1952 Motor Show at Earls Court)

Cut-away wing and flat-four engine
Anti-swing action, torsion-bar suspension,
Overhead cam-shaft and independent coil—
But where's the fun of stepping-on-the-gas when the water doesn't boil?
Effortless speed and firm road-holding
Convertible coupé and powered hood-folding
All-electric gearing from finger-tip to box—
But what's the good of ninety m.p.h. when you can't nip through the blocks?
Of all the cars in Earls Court Show
(How their paint-work gleams!)
There's none compares with one I know
And drive through all my dreams.
Alvis and Rover, I've looked them over,
—Bristol and Bentley too—
But Maud, Maud, my utility Ford,
I'm still in love with you!
P. M.

Supererogatory
In sharp metallic lines,
Odontocete and predatory
With flat, asexual, chines.
We've been together now . . .
Factitious distillation
Of Brummagem and paste
To tempt by titillation
A luxurious lack of taste.
And it don't seem a day . . . .
A nose mammose
Standing vinously replete,
Sedulously cellulose,
The huckster's smug deceit.
. . . Too long.
But I wish there were the slightest chance to swap.
M. B. SHAW

CHESS: How Many R. & P. Endings?

No. 163

When, some time ago, I recommended the study of R. and P. endings in view of their frequency in the practical game I got some interesting comment and statistics from R. A. Slade; he is wondering whether any predominance of such endings may be due to the fact that so many of the more "modern" opening variations lead to early exchanges of minor pieces. Being an inveterate P-K4 player himself, Slade reports that out of his last forty match games only eleven went beyond the middle-game, and of these only two were R. and P. endings. It would be interesting to have other readers' comment. Meanwhile, a "Readers' Own" being due again, I might as well start it with one of Slade's games neatly decided at a very early stage. He was playing Black in a Civil Service v. Oxford University match.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(9) P x P	P x P
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(10) Q x Q	R x Q
(3)	B-Kt5	B-B4	(11) Kt x P?	B-R3
(4)	P-B3	Kt-B3	(12) R-K1	Kt x P!
(5)	P-Q4	B-Kt3	(13) B x R	R x B
(6)	O-O	O-O	(14) Kt-Kt4	P-KB4
(7)	B-Kt5	P-Q3	(15) P-KR3?	P x Kt
(8)	B x QKt	P x B	(16) R x Kt	P-Kt6

Here White resigns. (15) Kt-K3, Kt x P! (16) K x Kt, P-B5 would have meant slightly longer, though futile resistance. An equally incisive effort—the more remarkable for being a correspondence game—was sent in by P. C. Wason; it earned him the Best Game Prize in last year's B.C.C.A. tournament.

(1)	P-K4	P-K3	(11) B x Kt	P x B
(2)	P-Q4	P-Q4	(12) P x P	B-K3
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(13) Kt-Q4	P-R3
(4)	P-K5	P-QB4	(14) B-Kt5	Kt-K2
(5)	P-QR3	B x Kt ch	(15) R-Kt1	R-QKt1
(6)	P x B	Q-B2	(16) R-Kt6	Kt-B3
(7)	Kt-B3	Kt-QB3	(17) Q-B3	Q-B1
(8)	B-Q3	KKt-K2	(18) Q-Kt3	Kt-R4
(9)	P-KR4	P-KR4	(19) B-B6!	R-Kt1
(10)	O-O	Kt-B4	(20) R x B ch!	resigns

The third chessbook token, this time, is once again earned by T. T. Godwin, a competitor who—unlike a good many of our stalwarts—represents the teenagers rather than the octogenarians. Playing Black in a West London tournament he reached this position and brought about a highly melodramatic *finale*.

(1) — Q-Kt3
(2) Q-Q5? Kt-K6!
(3) QxR ch K-K2
(4) QxR Q-R5 ch
(5) P-Kt4 PxP e.p. mate

In this week's competition pride of place belongs to a delightful study sent in by one of our Hungarian readers. It was meant to be an entry for the study competition, but since it reached me too late the best I can do for this pretty piece is to accommodate it as a "Readers' Own" contribution. White is to win, and though this may not cause much of a headache for our crack-solvers it should be well worth 6 points. **B** is the customary 4-pointer, easy and instructive enough to benefit beginners. How and why, by one single move, did Black force his opponent's resignation? As for **C**, White to win —this was a prize winner in a Soviet turney. It should be well worth 7 points, even if I add the helpful little hint that the beauty of the piece is enhanced by some pretty "echo" variations.

A: Dr. L. Nyeviczkey 1952

B: Tarrasch 1892

C: M. Liburkin 1950

Usual prizes. Entries by November 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 25

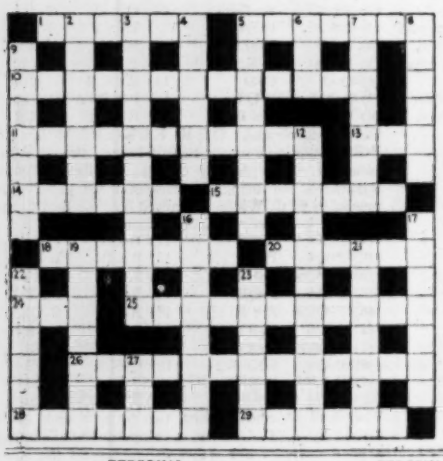
A: (1) P-R4 ch, KxP, (2) R-Q6, QxP, (3) R-Q4 ch, etc., if (1) . . . K-Kt3, (2) R-Q6!, QxR, (3) P-R5 ch, etc. If (1) . . . K-B5, (2 and 3) R-Q4-K4 ch, etc., if (2) . . . Q-K4, (3 and 4) R-R6-R5 ch, if (2) . . . Q-K1 (B1), (3) R-Q5 ch, etc., (1) R-Q6 is refuted by (1) . . . QxP.

B: (1) Kt-B1 ch, BxKt, (2) P-Kt7, B-B5, (3) P-B7, RxP ch, (4) K-Kt4 ch.

C: (1) P-R6, PxP, (2) BxP, etc.

While two of our most consistent scorers inevitably dropped 7 or 6 points respectively, a good many of their fellow-competitors got full marks for our own study competition. Prizes shared by J. C. Cock, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft, P. B. Sarson. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 22



ACROSS

1. Rain indicator (6).
5. Good charges for storybook villains (7).
10. Describes a cricketer with a pair of spectacles? (2, 5, 2, 1, 3).
11. What the diviner uses? (6, 5).
13. This politician tidied the garden in the returning dew (3).
14. The dead perhaps have no ties (6).
15. He is in the Navy, and his turn comes last for the wine (7).
18. He may be no German in summer in France (7).
20. Summer wear in school? (6).
24. The world is a miraculous place without gals (3).
25. Instrument for taking soundings (11).
26. A woollen scarf for the patient (4, 9).
28. How to make art grow like a flower (7).
29. Materials for skirts? (6)

DOWN

2. How the Bible refers to beer-making (7).
3. Whips peer at these in Parliament (5, 6).
4. Vegetable to make a meal for the Sun-god. (6).
5. This cape is an imitation (8).
6. Hindrance (3).
7. Overbalances, but counters (7).
8. Chain of coaching establishments without a run-up (6).
9. Juno's playmate (7).
12. Hill says that more humane science on a small scale is not in vogue (6, 5).
16. Offer more favourable terms, causing the truce to be broken after United Nations' discussions have begun (8).
17. Makes an object of affection to finish the listeners (7).
19. Belch over the tankard (4, 3).
21. It is not hers to abbreviate (7).
22. The drink for one who bears a burden (6).
23. Victors in a foreign field (6).
27. A dunce may get by with this utterance (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 21

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PERSONAL—continued

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RELAX through Nerve Manipulation. A therapy of proved value for highly strung people. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36, Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey. Excellent present.

ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

INTERNATIONAL Union of Socialist Youth (I.U.S.Y. Travel Service, Ltd.) offers inexpensive winter holidays at socialist centres in France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Norway and elsewhere. Details: I.U.S.Y., 21 Strutton Grnd., London, S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

WINTER Sports: We can still include you in our informal ski-ing parties to Hochsoelden December 6, Lech December 20, or Obergurgl December 27. 16 days' holiday from 28½gns. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

CHRISTMAS Holidays: You will enjoy a gay and carefree Christmas at our country house parties for professional people near London or in the Midlands. Traditional Christmas festivities, dancing, etc. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

OFFICE accommodation and secretarial help for associations. Write Research Co-ordination Ctee., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

FRIENDS here and overseas will appreciate "This England, 1952," illus. by Anton. 2s. 6d. (2s. 9d. post free to any address).

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

P.S. Wanted—a 16-day ski holiday for under £10, skis & lessons incl. Found—in Harold Ingham's winter programme.

P.P.S. R.S.V.P. 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

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BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m., 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

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ENVELOPES, 1,000 6×3½, 13s.; Dupl. paper qto. 10s. L.W., 7 Newton Av., N.10.

"A STLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE B.M.A. invites applications for the post of Business Manager to the "British Medical Journal" and other monthly and quarterly technical and scientific periodicals published by the Association. The circulation of the B.M.J. is largely by post to members of the B.M.A. The commencing salary will be £2,500 a year, and the office will come under the B.M.A.'s superannuation scheme. The appointment will be terminable by six months' notice on either side. The Business Manager will be in general charge of the publishing and advertisement departments and be responsible for the efficient conduct and development of the business side of a group of technical and scientific publications. Applicants should send full details of experience, qualifications, and age, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom business reference may be made to The Editor, "British Medical Journal," B.M.A. House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, not later than December 5.

TUTOR (Unestablished) reqd. by Foreign Office (German Section) at Wilton Pk., Wiston, nr. Steyning, Sussex. Able to conduct small discussion groups in German Qualifics.: British Univ. grad. in one of the social sciences with good background knowledge of institutions and history of Great Britain and Germany. Preference given to specialists in industrial relations. Salary scale: (men) £812 10s. by eight increments to £1,022 14s.; (women) slightly less. Point of entry according to qualifications. Accommodation available. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, quoting EC670, by November 29, 1952. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

BBC. requires Sound Talks Producer to specialise in production of talks on subjects of interest to women under direction of Editor, Woman's Hour. Responsibility mainly towards Woman's Hour but also includes production of other talks on domestic subjects, etc. Capacity to originate proposals and plan broadcasts and carry out preparatory work and production at microphone is foremost requirement. Lively interest preferably supported by experience in needs of public for which Woman's Hour and women's magazines cater is essential. Salary £795 p.a., rising by five annual increments to £1,065 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "W.H. N.Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CITY of Sheffield Children's Department. Deputy Children's Officer. Applications are invited for the above superannuable post in Grade A.P.T. VIII, £760-£835. N.J.C. conditions of service. Medical examination. Candidates should be trained Social workers with practical experience of all services covered under the Children Act, 1948, and possess a Degree or Diploma in Social Science or Administration. They should have administrative and organising ability and experience and be competent to advise on problems of individual children and families. Applications, giving age, qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded not later than November 25, 1952, to: John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Persons with a love and understanding of children are invited to apply for posts as House Parents of a new Family Home for ten children at Brooklands, St. John's Place, Mansfield. Suitable for married couple or two women friends. Housefather £371 10s., Housemother £296 8s. less £75 18s. p.a. each for full board residence. The salaries are provisional and subject to review upon issue of new National Scales. No accommodation for children of staff. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. Last date for applications November 25, 1952. Canvassing disqualifies. K. Tweedale Mesby, Clerk of the County Council.

SOMERSET Education Committee Homecraft Service. Required a Senior Homecraft Instructress. Applicants should have qualifications in Cookery, Fruit and Vegetable Preservation and Bacon Curing and should have had experience of teaching these subjects to adult groups. The Service is undergoing reorganisation and this post offers scope for an instructress with initiative to assist in the development of a progressive scheme of work throughout the County. Salary: Burnham Technical Assistants Grade B. Particulars and application forms (to be returned to this office not later than November 28, 1952) from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Rd., Taunton.

ADVTG. Space salesmen, exp. not nec. Lond. area. Regency Press, Mus. 0383.

BARRISTER'S wife urg. needs help, 4 little girls, 2-10 (all at day school). Pleasant house Hampstead, good salary. Box 4835.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

THE Magdalen Hospital Approved (Classifying School).—The Managers invite applications for the post of Headmistress of the Magdalen Hospital. This is one of the two Approved Schools in England and Wales where girls are classified between committal and admission to an Approved School for training. The function of the School is to ensure, by observation of needs and potentialities and investigation of history and background, that each girl goes to the training school best suited to her needs, and to furnish full information about her with suggestions as to her treatment. This is pioneer work, and calls for considerable powers of initiative and imagination. Candidates must be practising communicants of the Church of England and residential experience with adolescent girls would be a recommendation. Further particulars will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Salary will be the Burnham Scale with three increments (£415 to £581 per annum). There is a Head Teacher's allowance of £135 per annum and the total salary is subject to an increase of 5 per cent. The London allowance is also payable, and the post is superannuable under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts. A self-contained flat will be available with full residential emoluments. Letters of application should be sent to the Chairman of the Managers, Mr. W. J. Langford, J.P., M.Sc., 95, Drewstead Road, Streatham, S.W.16. Candidates should state age, previous experience and academic qualifications. Copies of recent testimonials should be submitted together with the names of persons to whom reference may be made.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to the Residential Services Department. The successful candidate would be responsible for the overall administration of homes and schools caring for mental defectives, maladjusted children, convalescent epileptics and old people. Administrative experience and a knowledge of committee procedure essential. Salary £550-£650 according to experience. Applics. to General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1, within 14 days.

SECRETARIAL Technical Assistant for special research investigation. Interesting appointment. Applicants should be 25 or over. Shorthand not essential, good typing speed necessary. Starting salary, according to age, from £290 to £615. Application forms, to be returned within 10 days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1953 for the following: Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Method I and II). A Clerk of the Commons Workships may be filled from Administrative Class candidates. Code No. 11/53. Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (Method II only). Code No. 12/53. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service), i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (Methods I and II). Code No. 17-20/53. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service) (Method I only). Code No. 21/53. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service (Method I only) for university graduates. Code No. 22/53. Methods of Selection: Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview; Method II of a short written examination in general subjects followed for selected candidates by tests of personal qualities and interview before a Final Selection Board. When two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in the summer of 1953, a degree at a recognised university; the degree required for the Administrative Class and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service competitions is 1st or 2nd class honours. Age limits: 20½-24 on August 1, 1953, with extension for service in H.M. Forces, but candidates under 30 on that date may compete by Method II for posts in the Ministry of Labour and National Service (17-20/53) if they have experience in employment in industry or social work particularly fitting them for the posts. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed application forms for entry by Method II must be returned by November 29, 1952, and for Method I by February 28, 1953.

ORGANISER-Collector wanted immediately for Registered Trade Union. Man with organising ability, knowledge of industrial negotiations and elementary accountancy. Capable of working with people and inspiring confidence. Should reside within reasonable distance of East London. Applications, with full details and salary required, to Box 4798.

ACKWORTH School, Nr. Pontefract, Yorkshire. Applications are invited for the position of Headmaster of this co-educational Boarding School of 400 pupils. Applicants must be members of the Society of Friends. Applications should be addressed not later than December 1, 1952, to Gervase L. Ford (the Chairman of the School Committee), 61 Albion St., Leeds, 1, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

£4 week: Cook Housekeeper, cent. htd. house Ealing Common. Resid. maid employed. 3 adults, 2 school girls. Tel. wkdays only MUS. 5971. Box P.P.30402, Samson Clarke, 57-61 Mortimer St., W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

B.SC.(Econ.) Hons., 24, Doctor's wife. Exper. Sec./Assist. Pref. German, sks. interesting part-time job. Research, journalism, translation, typing, etc. Salary not first consideration. Box 4720.

YOUNG educated woman, two sons 8 & 9 boarding school., No resources but healthy, cheerful, needs job; can cook, drive, housekeep. Anything reas. cons. Box 4659.

GRADUATE (f) B.A., Dip. Soc. Sci. Lond., casework and admin. experience, seeks post now, pref. London, can type. Box 4725.

NEWNHAM graduate, early 30's, double first, wide experience administration, research, publishing, secretarial, fluent French, some German, Italian, seeks post Britain or abroad. Box 4942.

EX-Bank Clerk (25), active Labour Party officer, seeks worth-while employment. Home or abroad. Box 4724.

AUSTRALIAN couple, arrive Jan., exp. salesman, steneg., seek posns. Go anywhere. Gray, 73 Finlay St., London, S.W.6.

EXPD. Kindergarten Teacher seeks post N.W. London. Non-resident. Box 4837.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

NEWLY-furnished double rooms at Marble Arch, cooking facilities, cleaning, laundry, etc. £2 10s. person/week. Write Supervisor, W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

ST. John's Wood. Charmingly furn. divan-room for two, concealed basin, h. & c., elec. cooker. 3gns. wkly. PRI. 4485.

AT 3gns. each weekly, Winter terms, to share double room, includes breakfast, H. & C.W., Tel., Restaurant, etc. White Park Hotel, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2. PAD. 8406.

TO let, comf. room, sep. cooking facils., bath. PRI. 4018 evgs. & week-ends.

HAMPSTEAD from Dec. 1—two rooms with breakfast & evening meal. Suit 1 or 2 professional men or senior students. £4 per wk. each or £6 both rms. Box 4820.

COMF. Bed-sitting room, cooking facils. Clapham South. 30s. p.w. BAT. 3565.

WEKEN. Share flat business lady. FUL. 7061, after 7 p.m. or PUT. 0265.

A few vacancies still available from 50s. sharing; partial board residence. Belsize Residential Club, 32-33-34 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3.

PROF. woman would let lge. furn. divan bed-sit. to another, in flat on river at Chiswick, share bath, kitchen. 50s. Box 4936.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful surroundings, accomm. for Arts students, brkfst., dinner, week-end meals; moderate. Box 4947.

MODERN house to let for one year, with option to renew, from 1.1.53, near Highgate underground and woods. Newly decorated. 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, kitchen and scullery. Garage. Pleasant garden. Rent 11gns. p.w. inclusive of rates. Box 4641.

WELL-furn. sple. bed sit.-rm., Bronlesbury Park. WIL. 1644 after 5 p.m.

BED-Sitting Room in comfortable, cultured home near Brighton available for woman or girl doing prof. work. Box 4723.

RYE, Sussex. Prof. man has cottage to let November-March. 2gns. p.w. Box 4818.

FLAT—unf. rm., kit., bath., Highgate, for woman, offd. in exch. larger flat London area. Refs. required. Box 4915.

PROFESSIONAL couple, childless and petless, want unfurnished or slightly furnished flat in N.W.1, 5, 6 or 8, W.2 or 9. Up to £200 per annum. Box 4699.

BUSINESS lady requires comfortable accommodation with service and partial board. Easy access High Holborn. Box 4789.

YOUNG professional couple require furn./unfurn. flat or rooms at fair rent. London area. Box 4950.

MUSICIAN and chamber-music lover, bachelor but domestically experienced, seeks inexpensive furnished-unfurnished accommodation, London, where no objection high-standard music-making. Box 4888.

TURKISH announcer B.B.C., and wife, require large furn. room, kitchen, before Dec. 1. Max. £3 10s. Refs. Box 4868.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

MODERNISED, completely redec. small cottage-type house, Stamford Hill. 2 recep. rms., 2 bedrms. Good kit. Bathrm. Small gdn. F'hold £1,950. John Stamford & Co., 151 Clapton Common, E.5. STA. 0066/7/8.

OXFORD 12 miles. Cottage, ¼ acre. Elec., tel., bathrm. About £1,800. Box 4810.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Bienheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

CORNWALL. Trehartock Manor & Farm. Lovely in Autumn. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Jersey herd. Sea warm. Surf-bathing. Polzeath. Salmon, trout in season. Golf Rock. For Port Quin, Port Gaverne, Lundy Bay. Excellent cuisine & all comforts guaranteed. Open all the year. Manageress: Mrs. Accles. Port Issac 234.

STEANBRIDGE: quiet guest house in unspoilt Cotswold valley has a few vacancies with view to permanency. People of all nationalities welcome. Home-grown produce: breakfast in bed (optl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

TURNBERRY Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland's famous seaside resort and Ailsa Golf Course. Reservations should be made early for 1953 season. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

IDEAL Xmas in children's festival—but we cater especially for adults who want restful break with reasonable amount of Xmas fare. Bronte Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorks. 'Phone Haworth 2313.

TREGIENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. Open all year round. Reservations for 1953 Spring and Summer should not be delayed. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

CHRISTMAS at a country pub? Choose one from the Little Guide to Village Inns, 2s. 6d., post 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. Very popular West Country hotel. Golf, fishing, tennis, etc., within own grounds. Open all year round. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters; farm produce; log fires; c.h.w.; 60 acres; from 5gns. weekly. Tel. Rushlake Green 321.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 21s. day, 6gns. wkly. incl., from Oct. 1. Tel. 1944.

GLENEAGLES Hotel, Perthshire, famous wherever golf is played, reopens for 1953 season at Easter. Early reservations for Coronation Year advisable. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

SPEND an old-fashioned Christmas in historic mansion with all mod. con. situated near Cumberland coast and sheltered by magnificent mountains. Iron Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Write or telephone 42.

NEAR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way, Jordans; charming modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 mins. Telephone Jordans 2155.

CROFT House, Burcot, Oxon. Oxford 8 miles. Ideal for winter residence, convalescence. Booking now for Christmas. Central heating. Fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 232.

IF you have been ill, try Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Excellent food, special diets, bracing air and cheerful, friendly atmosphere. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MARGOT Fonteyn, by James Monahan; Tamara Karsavina on Interpreting Great Parts; Karen Lancaster on John Piper as Theatre Designer; Audrey Williamson on Kirsten Flagstad; many other features in "The Adelphi," edited by B. Ifor Evans, obtainable all stalls, or 2s. 6d. post free, 10s. annually, from Staples Press, 14 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1.

"POETRY and Poverty" No. 3 ready next week at your bookshop for 2s. or direct from 8 Eton Avenue, London, N.W.3. A limited number of No. 2 still available. No. 1 now out of print.

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"THIS England, 1952," is as lively as ever. Don't miss it. 2s. 6d. everywhere.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"CONTINENTAL Film Review." Illustrated monthly of foreign films showing in Britain. 1s. 6d. Bookstalls, etc. 137 Blackstock Rd., London, N.4.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & P. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold—Continental Book Supply, 38a Whitechurch Lane, E.1.—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

SOUTH-EAST Asia: Journalist historian desiring write popular history of area requires working library. Ideas, lists, prices to A.R., 34 Somali Rd., London, N.W.2.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last week. Evgs. 7.0. Sat. & Sun., 5 & 8. "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime." Membership 5s. yrly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Last wk. "Christmas Bridge." New play, "Strangers in the Land", opens Friday, November 21, 7.30. Weds.-Suns. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30, Sun. 6.30. "One to Die," a new Thriller. Membership 5s. yearly.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Cabaret Caribbean," arranged by Edric Connor. Membership 5s. yearly.

NEW Torch Theatre, 50 Wilton Pl., S.W.1. Mon., Nov. 17, 7.45 p.m. Playreading: "The Pursued." New verse play. 1s. mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until further notice. Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane". (A). "El Dorado" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Nov. 16, 7.30. "Figaros Hochzeit" (U) (German).

VALENTINO'S "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," 7.30, Nov. 20. Assn. sub. 15s.; guest tickets advance only 2s. 6d.; Sec. Town Hall, Hammersmith, W.6. RIV. 6011.

SCALA Theatre, British Premiere: "Broken Fetters." Life of Taras Shevchenko, Ukranian poet. Also "Soviet Latvia." Wednesday, Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Ctee., B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. (S.A. Env. please.)

"PORTRAIT of Maria" (Mexico 1945). Hampstead Town Hall. November 18, 7.45. Hampstead Film Society. HAM 1636.

HUNGARIAN (Magyar) Vintage Evening: Folk Instrument Ensemble; Hungarian and Chaplin films; Hungarian wines and refreshments. November 23 at 7.30 p.m. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Adm. Mems. 2s. Guests 2s. 6d.

SOCIAL. James Gibb repeats Edinburgh People's Festival success. Plays, speaks on Beethoven. "Appassionata," etc., 66 Frognal, N.W.3. Nov. 16, 7.30 p.m. 2s. 6d. incl. refreshments. Hamp. B.S.F.S.

TEA-Dance with Swing Serenaders, Sun., 23 November 16, 7 p.m. Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. (Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d.)

WA.S.U., 11 Chelsea Embankment. Sunday Tea Club, November 16, 4 p.m. Dr. Dike, University College, Nigeria, on "History and West African Nationalism."

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Tues., Nov. 18, at 8. Iso Elinson, Piano Recital of Beethoven Sonatas. Sat., Nov. 22, at 8.15. Festival of 18th Century Music. London Harpsichord Ensemble. John Francis. Sun., Nov. 23, at 3. Barylli Quartet & Wind Ensemble of Vienna Phil. Orch. Septet in E flat, Beethoven; Octet in F, Schubert. Sun., Nov. 30, at 3. Lili Kraus Piano Recital. Wks. Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Bartok. Tickets & information Box Office, WATerloo 3191.

VICTORIA & Albert Museum, S.W.7. This Sun. at 8. English Opera Group presents Songs from The Gardens of Ranelagh, Marylebone & Vauxhall (1745-1830). Margaret Ritchie, Ena Mitchell, Peter Pears, Trevor Anthony, George Malcolm, Gareth Morris, Terence Weil. Tickets 5s., 3s., from Chappell's, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1, and at Museum from 6.15 on Sunday.

DR. Edith Sitwell, Dylan Thomas, Gordon Watson, London Symphony Orchestra, Morley College Choir, Cond. Robert Irving. Palace Theatre, Sun., November 16, 7.30. Works by Berlioz, Liszt, Bartok (2nd Piano Concerto), and 1st perf. "The Shadow of Cain" (Edith Sitwell-Humphrey Searle). Tkts. 3s. 6d.-21s., Chappells (MAY. 7600), agents & Theatre on night of concert.

CONCERT of Czech Classical Music at 20, Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Nov. 18, 7.45 p.m. Gramophone records introduced by Mr. Malcolm Rayment. Prog. includes Dvorak, Krommer, Kramar, Vorisek. Org. by Brit.-Czechoslovak Friendship League. All welc.

ST. Martin-in-the-Fields. Sat., Nov. 15, at 2.30. Mozart Concert. Joan Cross, Hubert Dawkes, John Churchill, Capital Orchestra, Conductor Roy Budden. No tickets reqd.

EXHIBITIONS

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Sculpture by Elisabeth Frink, John Harvey, Michael Werner. Paintings by Laxman Pai. Until Nov. 19.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: re-opening November 16: East End Academy 1952; daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays. Until December 7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gericault (1791-1824)—first exhibition since 1820—in aid of the Tate Gallery's Rodin Group Appeal. Admission 2s., students 1s. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Graphic Art until Nov. 18. Sending-in Mirror & Square Exhibition Nov. 19 & 20. Forms available daily 11-6.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields).

MERSEYSIDE Artists from the Sandon Studios Society, Liverpool. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 22. Mon., Weds., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Oils and Gouaches by W. B. Henderson; Important French Paintings; Recent paintings by Olive Snell; Drawings by Donald Friend. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibn. closes Nov. 22.

8 Young Painters. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 10-6. Sundays 2-6.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. A group of fine French paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London W.1. French Paintings between Courbet and Chagall. Josef Herman, Burgundy Drawings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Zao Wou-Ki. Paintings by Anita de Caro. Until December 5.

JOHN Piper, E. Bellingham-Smith, Charles Keene and Ian Strang. Four Exhibitions at The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. "Of Light and Colour," 19th and 20th Century French Painters.

POTTERY by John Skelly at Galerie Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. TEM. 7413. Opp. St. Martins Th. & The Ivy. Nov. 5-28.

EXHIBITION of Paintings. Paul Aguilar, Eric N. Atkinson, Roger M. Pring, at Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Present Situation in Kenya—Land Hunger—and Mau Mau." Speakers: Fenner Brockway, M.P., just returned from Kenya, and Mbiyu Koinange (Delegate Kenya African Union in Great Britain). Thursday, November 20, 8 p.m., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

THOMAS Balogh on "Britain and the U.S.A." 4th Fabian Autumn Lecture, Tues., Nov. 18, 7.15. Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d.

BASIL Davidson, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Eileen Cullen, and W. J. Brown on Britain, China and Korea. Tuesday, November 25, 7.30 p.m. Holborn Hall, B.C.F.A., 17 Bishops Bridge Road, W.2. Adm. 6d.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 6.30. Nov. 18, Dr. Richard Doll: "Modern Problems of Medical Ethics." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Nov. 14, Mrs. V. Fleming, "Religion in our Schools."

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Wed., Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Present Situation of the Steel Industry": John Freeman, M.P. Adm. 2s.

"PEACE is our Responsibility" Meeting, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sat., Nov. 15, 2.30 p.m. Dr. J. Needham, F.R.S., Mrs. E. N. Jull, M.Ed., Mr. R. Ridout, B.A., Dr. P. W. Bryan. Tickets 1s. from Miss M. E. Turnbull, Secr. Teachers for Peace, 10 Barons Court Rd., W.14, or at door. Also, National Conference, Teachers for Peace, Sunday, Nov. 16, Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, S.W.1. 10.15-12.45 & 2-4 p.m. Observers and visitors welcome.

ZIONIST Socialist Youth (Young Poale Zion), Tues., Nov. 18, at Adler House, Adler St., E.1, 8 p.m. "The U.S. Elections —Result and Consequence." Speaker: D. Gadlar (U.S.A.). Thurs., Nov. 20, at Borelly House, 181 Finchley Rd., N.W.11, 8 p.m. "The Current Political Scene in Israel." Speaker: David Rivlin (Israel).

"U.S.S.R." Questions answered by ex-Soviet Citizens, Alliance Hall, S.W.1. Saturday, Nov. 22, 7 p.m. Admission free.

DO You Want To Be an M.P.? Hampstead Parliament is now enrolling members for the 55th Session. All Parties and Independents. You are equally welcome whether or not you wish to take part in Debates. Meetings: Town Hall, Wednesdays, 8.15 p.m. Secretary, 29 Platts Lane, N.W.3.

H. J. BLACKHAM. "Limits of Human Equality." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 781 Finchley Rd., by Regal Cin., Golders Green. Sun., November 16, at 7.45.

ANNUAL General Meeting. Cordial invitation to members and friends. Chairman: Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Recent visitors to Rumania will contribute to the discussion. 20, Pont St., S.W.1. Monday, Nov. 17, at 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Assoc., 101, Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

"THE Religious Attitude toward Race Relation." (with special reference to South African racial policy). Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., Sunday Service, Nov. 16, 11.30 a.m., the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

SIR Steuart Wilson on "Bach's S. Matthew Passion" (1st of 5 lectures sponsored by L.B.S. and Eric Greene, Esq.), 6.30 p.m. on Friday, Nov. 21, at Caxton Hall (York Hall), Victoria St., S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Ibbs & Tillett Ltd., or at Hall on night of lecture.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., Nov. 18, 8 p.m. Lecture: Scientific View of the Creative Imagination, L. L. Whyte. Thurs., Nov. 20, 8 p.m., Prose Reading by Philip Toynbee & Thomas Hinde. Fri., Nov. 21, 8 p.m., Spanish & Portuguese folksongs, Olga Coelho. Sun., Nov. 23, 8 p.m., Poetic Drama. "Fire in Heaven," by Dannie Abse. Produced Theo. Bikel.

"THE Wonderful Clocks of the Old World —How They Worked." A lecture will be given by R. P. Howgrave-Graham, F.S.A., M.I.E.E., Member B.H.I., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 17, at 8 p.m. Admission free.

DR. S. G. SOAL of Queen Mary College, University of London, addresses a general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on "My Thirty Years of Psychical Research," at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, November 19, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Lectures on English Domestic Architecture. Great Houses near London. Fourth and last lecture Thursday, November 20 at 7 p.m. By Miss Helen Lowenthal, B.A. (1025)

MILES Malleson will speak on "Impressions of China and Chinese Drama," Wed., Nov. 26, 7 p.m., Room 16, Friends House, Euston Rd. Adm. 1s. Cult. & Scient. Committee, Brit. China Friendship Assoc.

LAMBETH Town Hall, Brixton, Wed., Nov. 19, 7.30 p.m. "The Last Stage" (Prize Film). Mrs. Hewlett Johnson, J. Platts-Mills. Admission 6d.

SOCIETY for the Study of Religions, 7 p.m., Monday, November 17, Livingstone Hall, Westminster Broadway. Miss Ursula Roberts lectures on "Spiritual Healing." All seats free. Visitors welcome.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 16: S. K. Ratcliffe, "Forty Years of South Place." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

ILLUSTRATED Talk. "British and Russian Trad. Music." 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. Nov. 20, 8 p.m. Hamp. B.S.F.S.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain. "Socialism —Any Objections?" Speaker: A. Turner. Islington Central Library, Holloway Rd., N.7, Fri., Nov. 21, 7.30 p.m. Adm. free.

KENSINGTON Communist Party, Holland Branch, present a series of six Monday lectures on Political Economy, commencing Monday, Nov. 17, 8 p.m., 54 Gordon Pl., W.8.

SHAW Society: Dan Laurence of New York University on "Shaw's Life Force: The Superpersonal Need." 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Nov. 21, 7 p.m. Non-members 2s.

RICHARD Findlater talking on the contemporary Theatre, "The Unholy Trade." North Finchley Library, Ravensdale Avenue, N.12. 8 p.m., Wednesday, November 19. Free.

TARBUT La'Am Jewish Cultural Centre, Sun., Nov. 16. "The Arabs in Israel." Mr. Tadmore (Israel Embassy), 37, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6, 8 p.m.

CLAUDE Houghton will speak on "Barnacle Thoughts." Nov. 21, 8.30 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 22 at 6 p.m. Miss F. L. Josephy: "Federation or Chaos."

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. Nov. 16: Special meeting to commemorate the 77th birthday of the Theosophical Movement of this century.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10. (i) Meditation & Discourse every Sun. at 4 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Nov. 20 "Yoga Proper—What it is." Nov. 27, "Preliminary Preparation For Yoga." All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, Wed., Nov. 19, 6.30 p.m., at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Public Lecture: "Approach to Consciousness." Sameneri Dhammananda.

M. L. Burnet: "The Party System of Government." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Nov. 16, 11 a.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

A TECHNIQUE for Solving Difficulties: a study in Applied Psychology. J. N. Glaister, Nov. 21-24, Brazier's Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon.

SIGURD Leeder School of Dance, 46a, Regent Square, W.C.1. Tel.: TERminus 1915. Christmas Holiday Course in Dance Composition by Sigurd Leeder. For Infant, Primary and Secondary School teachers and others interested. December 29-January 3. Details from the Secretary.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

"THE Criminal in Society," London Week-end Conference, org. by Central London Fabian Society, Nov. 22-23, at St. Anne's House, Dean St. Spkrs.: Miss Margery Fry, Mr. Basil Henriques and Mr. C. H. Rolph. Adm. (incl. tea) non-members 10s. Apply 14 Kingston Rd., New Malden, Surrey.

"RELIGION and the Modern Dilemma," by Oscar Kollerstrom, 5th Tutorial Lecture at Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Fri., Nov. 21, at 7 p.m. Adm. 3s. Syllabus from Hon. Sec., London Panel of Personal Consultants, 10 York Gate, N.W.1.

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More Classified Adverts on Pages 586 and 587

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